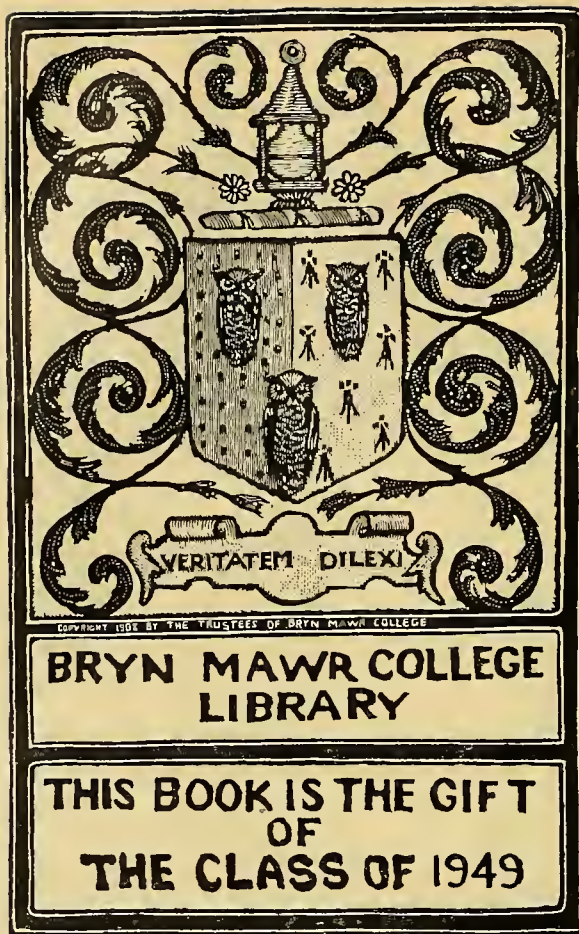



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1949









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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1949





MARY HAMILTON SWINDLER

We, the class of 1949, are very prond to dedicate this yearbook to Miss Mary Swindler in gratitude for her love and loyal interest in Bryn Mawr since her post-graduate days here.

Known to the world for her outstanding work in the field of classical archeology, she is even better known to us for her inspiring teaching. More picturesquely, we will remember her dog, "Happy", always present at conferences, and her strict adherence to the passing tradition of wearing an academic gown to lectures.

6
May 1949

Bern Mamm -
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1949

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and reading
CLASS₁ NOTES FOR 1949

History 9

Psych. 23

The Arts 49

Languages 61

Science Requirement . . . 65

Sociology 69



TAYLOR HALL LOOKING UP

The first college circular described Taylor as "a fine structure of Port Deposit Stone" but refrained from giving its style of architecture, which is still anybody's guess.

HISTORY

66 $\frac{2}{3}$ years of education - Bryn Mawr

It all started way back when:

Dr. Joseph Taylor chose the site and Taylor
+ Merion Halls were erected - 1883

Two years later (1885)

The first academic year began with Dr. James
Rhoads as Pres. + M. Carey Thomas as Dean -
Woodrow Wilson teaching history

Tuition was \$100 and bed and board \$250-300

IN 1893:

M. Carey Thomas became President and the
venerable Dalton Hall was constructed.

IN TEN YEARS' TIME:

Electricity came to BRYN MAWR.... AND HARD ON
its heels (1906) came the Denbigh fire....

and hard on its heels (1907) a two dollar
fine for not lowering shades - a five
dollar one for taking pen or ink into the
beautiful new M. Carey Thomas Library

1914-1929 TRADITIONS ESTABLISHED, ONE BY ONE:

1914- Harrowing Rush Night gave place to
Parade Night.

1917- Orals became written

1919- Dr. Chew married one of his pupils

1925- Smoking allowed on campus

1929- Boys first invited to dances

1948 - Tradition BROKEN:

Big MAY DAY rejected

what a PEN
!!



THE "HIGH HILL" IN 1885.



A POST-WORLD WAR I FACULTY
SALARY DRIVE

Time called us "history-haunted Bryn Mawr girls", but since few of us are so lucky as to have lived in pre-turn-of-the-century houses before coming to college, we are quite content to chalk up Merion's lack of closets and rationing of light wattage to "atmosphere", remembering that before 1903 every girl had only one alcohol lamp with which she studied, which lighted her to bed, and over which she roasted marshmallows.

It isn't every girl who can take music classes in an old Saxon hall within the flying-buttressed walls of Goodhart, and study in a replica of the dining-hall at Wadham College, Oxford, where in the evening M. Carey Thomas is likely to yield to her yen to step out of her portrait and amble down the aisles between the desks. However, although the library porch is a copy of that of the Oriel College Chapel, we are sure that the chapel's saints couldn't hold a candle to the papier-maché nudes which have appeared in our niches!

And when we realize that antique landmarks on the continent were measured and copied, Gothic arches and ruined cloisters visited and revisited before Bryn Mawr took shape, what does it matter if the hot water sometimes runs cold?



THE LIBRARY CLOISTER BEFORE BUILDING OF THE WEST WING

Bryn Mawr history goes back long before the founding of the college. George Washington marched his army down Old Gulph Road to Valley Forge, when the road was no more than a cart path and there was no temptation for the troops to disregard the 10:30 rule.

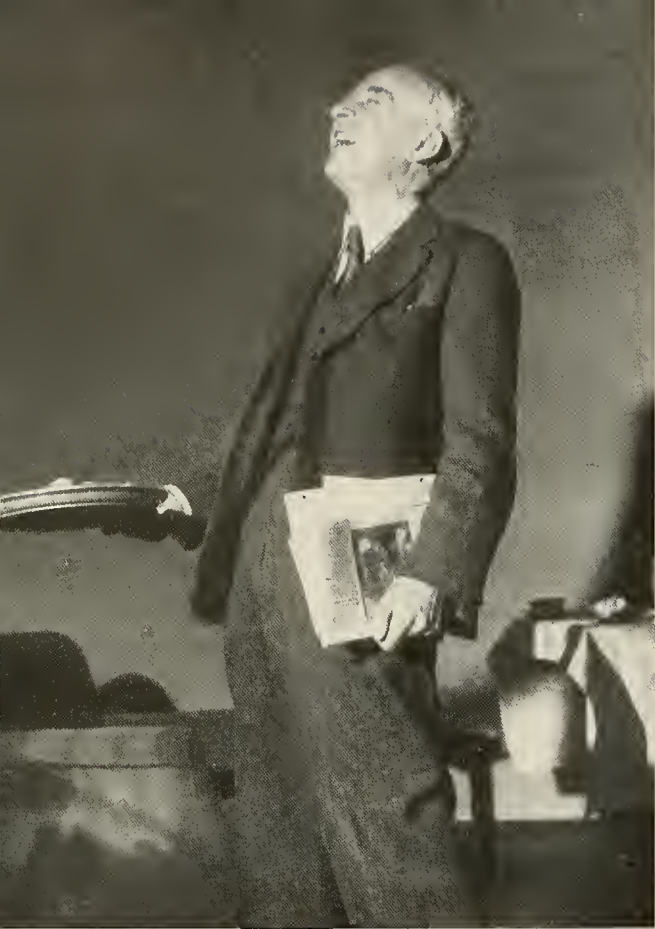
The neighboring town, once Possum Town, and later Humphreysville, had been renamed Bryn Mawr (Welsh for "high hill") because it was the highest point within a ten-mile radius of Philadelphia. Here Taylor picked the "high and healthy" tract of land because it was sure to be malaria-free, and founded his Quaker College for women.



A VICTORIAN ROOM IN PEM EAST



GIBSON GIRLS UNDER PEM ARCH



TOYNBEE



ALFRED BARR, JR.



MRS. F. D. R. and ANNA LORD STRAUSS



(opposite)

When there's a rush in the bookstore for Eliot's *Collected Poems*, we know that this is no belated enthusiasm for Freshman English, but that a celebrity is going to speak. Alfred Barr, Jr. came six weeks in a row from the Modern Museum to show slides, everything from the geometrical designs of Mondriaan to the three-eyed faces of Picasso; Toynbee came from England to give the Flexner Lectures entitled "Encounters Between Civilizations". T. S. Eliot came . . . and left the U. S. with the Nobel Prize. Mrs. F. D. R. and Miss Anna Lord Strauss came . . . and left with the M. Carey Thomas Award, not given annually as yet, only four times in history! There were countless others—Albert Camus and Jean-Paul Sartre, Owen Roberts, Stassen and Max Lerner, Venturi and José Ferrer. We heard Sylvia Zaremba and the Paganini Quartet, and numerous speakers on subjects from writing for the movies to the wandering cyclotron.

(below)

Is this owl-covered Rock Arch? Where we find the Lantern Man for our after-dark trip to the Local for a late-date in Philly? Where on the roof the seniors sing the Magdalen College hymn to the rising sun every May Day? The old story goes that when they built Rock, they had to institute a system of "wardens" rather than "hall mistresses", because post-Victorian prudery would never have allowed a mistress of Rockefeller!





"Any old drone is good enough for me," buzzed Mrs. Manning as she tripped around Goodhart stage in black and yellow stripes in **Top Secret**. Dr. Nahm, in a strawberry blond wig was crowned queen of the May, while the May-pole dancers wound him up with streamers. We'll never forget Mrs. Marshall dancing in a Roman garden with a bust of Aeschylus, nor Dr. Frank correcting stacks of blue books with undivided attention throughout the whole performance.

The faculty show revealed so much hidden talent—danseuses, coloratura sopranos and comedians—that we wondered if some of our classroom lecturers hadn't missed their true vocations.





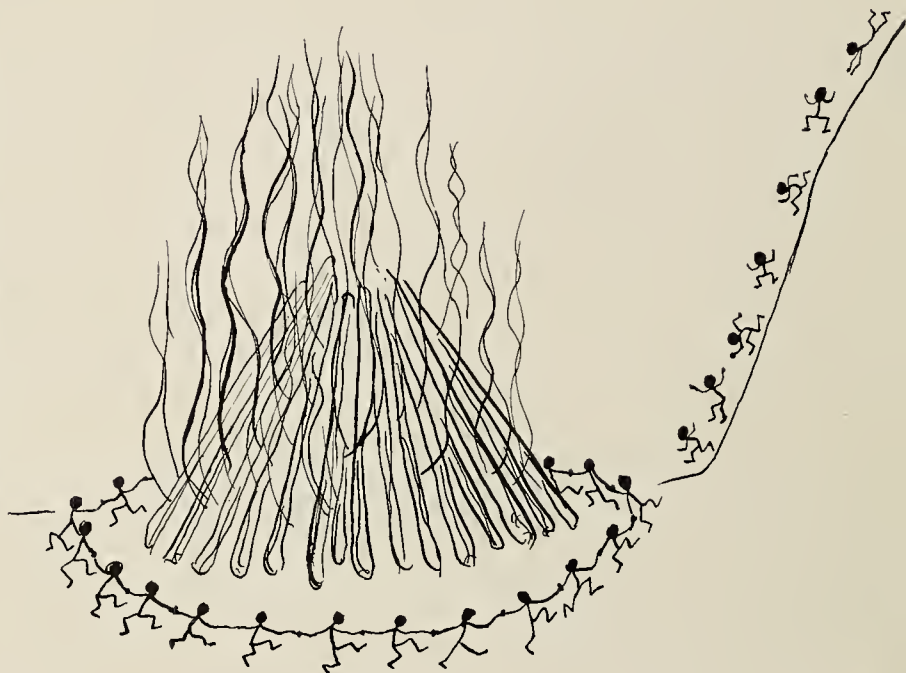
As late as 1917 there was a rule forbidding students to walk about the grounds with bachelor professors and to hold superfluons conversation with them outside the classroom, which makes one wonder whether, were the rule still extant, Drs. Chew, Sprague, Broughton, Watson, Crenshaw, and Dryden would still be eligible bachelors!





Even though the Lantern Night tradition is as old as the college, anyone who thinks that she is singing an old Greek hymn has another thought coming. "Pallas Athena" was the class song of 1893, and "Sophias" is part of a Russian service by a man named Lyoff. But, it is true that the second class in college received its lanterns from the class of '89 in order to light them through the maze of the "group system". However, as the system is no longer in force, and we simply major, we are sometimes at a loss as what to do with our lanterns. There are a number of red ones in various nooks and crannies around Haverford, and one we know of has even gone as far as Princeton.

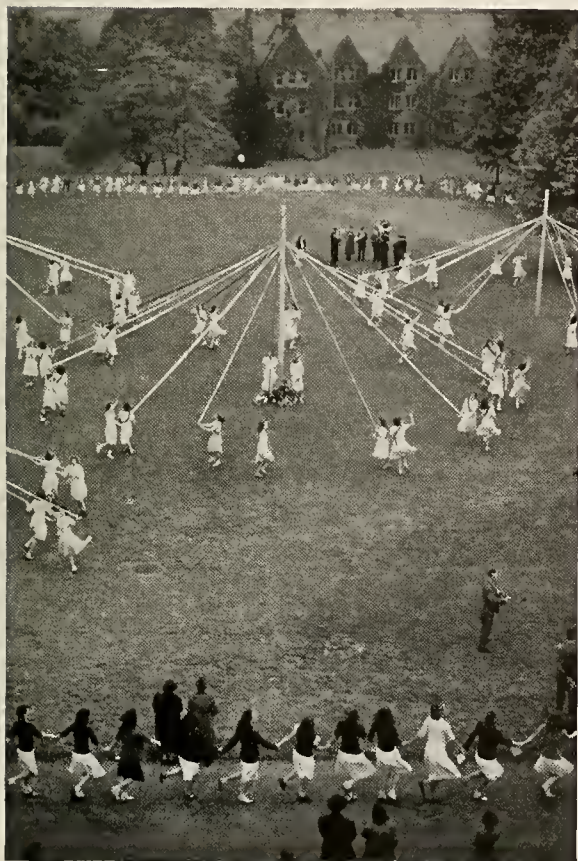
Parade Night, originating in the fall of 1911, was instituted in a different kind of spirit. It was substituted for a kind of rough-and-tumble Rush Night which was fast developing into an annual brawl, not suitable to young ladies. Hazing of the freshmen is now considered primitive and barbaric, and so today we work off our animal spirits by howling at the top of our lungs over the firemen's band and prancing like banshees around a bonfire.

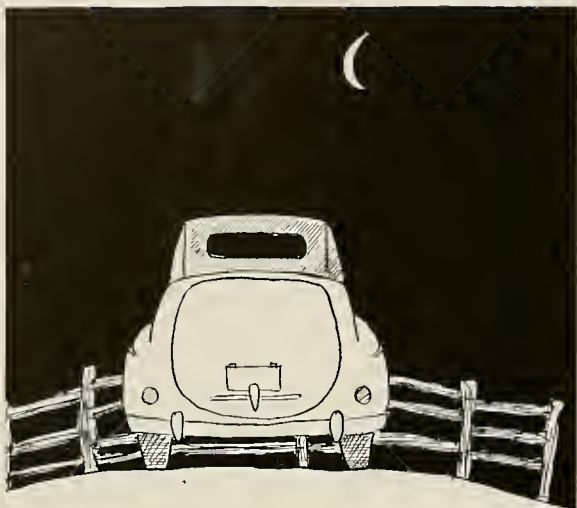


"Whenever Bryn Mawr girls get together," some complain, "they just gotta sing." There is step-singing, oral-singing, and dining-room singing (which probably works on the medieval principle that most idle chatter occurs at meals) so we can't blame those who'll look back on their college career as one long larkish warble.



Big May Day was scrapped last year because too many agreed with Miss Robbins' statement that it was energy wasted on "a fertility cult . . . out of date 500 years ago." However, we still expose ourselves to a few sarcastic columns in the Philadelphia papers every first of May, and all the classes dance around Maypoles set up on Merion Green and the seniors roll their hoops down Senior Row.





"Don't worry, baby, I'll pay your fine."

SELF - GOV.

"If you give young women self-government Bryn Mawr will be closed within six months," prophesied ex-president Eliot of Harvard. In spite of the odds, the first self-gov. in any women's college was organized at Bryn Mawr in 1892, and despite the girl who went before the board with the excuse for being late that the motor dropped out of her date's car, Self-Gov. is still going strong.

Early rules were decorous. Stockings were not to be rolled down on any conditions and men were not admitted to plays because some of the actresses would be wearing trousers. Chaperonage was strict, but in '17 a brother over 18 was recognized as a suitable chaperon, so long as Sis' roommate was not along to tempt him.

Bryn Mawr was the first women's college to allow smoking on campus, and because it was so liberal, as far back as '05 Bryn Mawr was thought fast and free. Rumors that the girls smoked, wine and gambled went hand-in-hand with its "blue-stockings" reputation. Even today sister colleges are aghast to learn that we can go out, if escorted, any and every night till 2. And we, self-conscious about our freedom, are continually irked by the realization that seniors at Mt. Holyoke can have cars. This best argument in favor of this for us too is the worn-out condition of Haverford tires!

LEAGUE

In 1910 the Christian Association was born from the union of two organizations: The Christian Union, a philanthropic club criticized as "works without faith" and the Bryn Mawr League for the Service of Christ, a religious organization equally criticized as "faith without works." This occurrence caused such a burst of religious fervor that the student body marched in a joyful procession around campus, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" at the top of their lungs. But by 1926, interest was lagging. At the end of their tether, the students suggested converting the Christian Association to the League "for social services and religious activities on campus". Today, the religious activities are delegated to the Chapel Committee, and the League concentrates on social work on and off campus.

So, after years of fumbling in the dark, the League has found its *raison d'être* and is here to stay. The League not only collects money for the Bryn Mawr Summer Camp and the Hudson Shore Labor School, but collects soda-jerkers, readers for the Blind School and counsellors for the Summer Camp. They send Red Cross workers to the Valley Forge Army Hospital, volunteers for the Home for Incubables and the Haverford Community Center. But, best of all, they supervise the classes and carolling of the maids and porters, and direct the Gilbert & Sullivan op-cretta that never fails to bring down the house.



UNDERGRAD

Undergrad is the Divine Will that determines our fates but lets us think that we are dependent only on our own Free Wills. Meeting with Miss McBride, Undergrad decides to levy a light curfew after midnight because of John L.'s United Mine strike, and forces us to read twenty Shakespeare plays by the one light burning in the john the night before Sprague's quiz. It nurtures all the traditions, supervises all the clubs and organizations, dishing out funds when they go bust. Undergrad, in turn, sticks the student body for the dollars to do it with, which always causes a great groan when Pay Day is posted including Common Treasury dues.

Back in the dark ages, Undergrad ran "cotillions" to which the girls, all dressed up in their finery, went to dance with one another. In the 20's, when the students began to feel silly "bunny-hugging" with their roommates, the Board began to sponsor dances with real live men—a fashion that has not yet gone out.

We have lived to see the day when the Curriculum Committee petitioned to have a four day holiday over Thanksgiving and got it, in 1947. We have wrangled in a mass meeting over Big May Day and voted to discard it as an outdated Elizabethan festival. We have enjoyed ourselves at the "Miss Lonely Hearts" Dance with Penn and Villanova, so we are quite content to have our fates in the hands of Undergrad.



"... and we hope you'll get us all dates and a place to stay. We'll be there at about 4:30. Don't know what train yet, but I guess you can get someone to meet us. By the way, our tenor is only 5'2". And don't worry about the hooch—we'll take care of that. Looking forward to our introduction to Bryn Mawr.

—The Nassenpoofs."



ALLIANCE

The Alliance is only eight years old. A baby born eleven days before Pearl Harbor, it was set up to promote undergraduate defense activity. During the war it marched in step with the GIs, sponsoring Red Cross hospital and canteen work, knitting and bandage rolling, and in 1945 had to reconvert with the rest of the world, to peace.

Today it has its finger in every national and international pie, from recruiting poll-watchers for presidential elections to sending clothes abroad for the cold in Europe. It brings speakers to Goodhart for whom it is well worth arising the half hour earlier—or forgetting and sleeping through breakfast so that we arrive at 8:30 classes still buttoning our sweaters, only to find the professor has forgotten too!

The Alliance not only watches over every political group on campus from the Student Federalists to the International Relations Club, but works for CARE, the World Students Service Fund, the Industrial Group, and sponsors Current Events speakers weekly in the Common Room. In short, although we live in an Ivory Tower, the Alliance never lets us forget that there is an outside world in desperate confusion, and appropriates \$7.50 from our allowances to help put it to rights.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

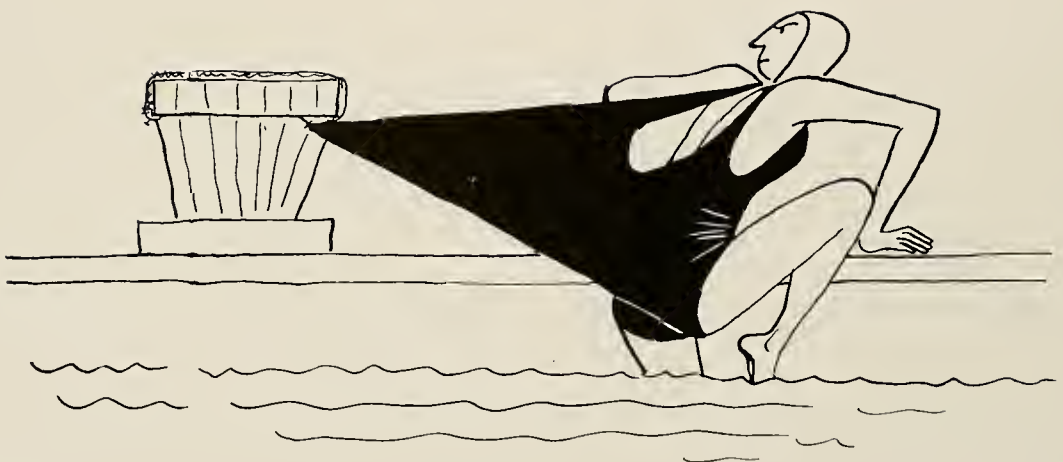
In the good old days, despite cumbersome skirts with knee-length bloomers underneath and long black stockings, athletics played a notably more important part in college life. In the 20's the whole college used to turn out to watch knickered Bryn Mawr girls play other female institutions, and inter-class rivalry was at its peak. Unfortunately, nowadays the only girls who pursue an avid interest in sports after their sophomore year are those who flunked the freshman swimming test or the winter term sport because of Show rehearsals, and some muscle-bound upperclassmen who thrive on varsity hockey.

A.A. was established in 1891. It levied dues and enlisted student labor in keeping up the fields, manuring, raking leaves, levelling, and weeding

and sweeping the tennis courts at an hourly rate of 25 cents. All freshmen had to learn "how to come down a rope, if not to climb it, in case of fire, or other emergency" (knotted sheets for a late date, no doubt!) And a rough sport, water polo was most popular in the new pool, played wearing bathing suits with sleeves and bloomers.

However, today if Haverford or Princeton's Cap & Gown or Ivy clubs will challenge us, we will all get out to defend our goal, and they, fortified with beer and a freer use of their sticks, usually defeat the weaker sex. Some brave souls, with much batting of eyelashes, have even been known to suggest a swim in the pool to a date; but a Bryn Mawr girl in a tank suit doesn't look much like Dorothy Lamour in a sarong.





Dr. Prom date?

Bill - Too slow
Henry - Too fast
Jack - not collegiate enuf
Andy - don't

want him to meet
Helen.

PSYCH.

Jung once said of BMC to a prof. "that animus factory"

De's: Ego - seat of the conscious

Superego - the conscience (mines The Night Watchman)

Id - part of the unconscious, animal-like "I want" drives.
(don't be silly! The only drive of interest to a BM
girl is Faculty Salaries)

Neurotic - symptoms: attacks of anxiety, hysteria etc.

(best condition in which to write poetry for Counterpoint)

Sublimation: harnessing an Idish desire

3 hrs. weekly for Freshman

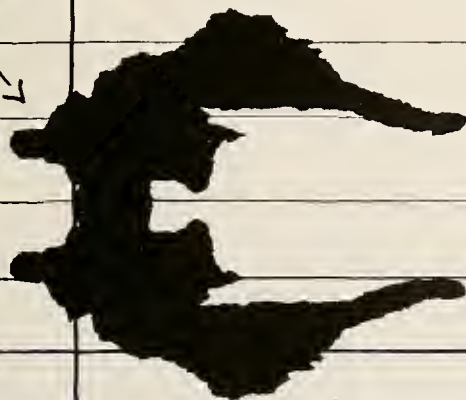
only 2 for Sophs.

Juniors & Seniors have to support indoor sports
over at Haverford.

ATA

ATA

Freudian
signif?



Hey! Did you get carried
over the psychological threshold
last night?

Mike? I thought you'd given
him up for Lent.

DENBIGH

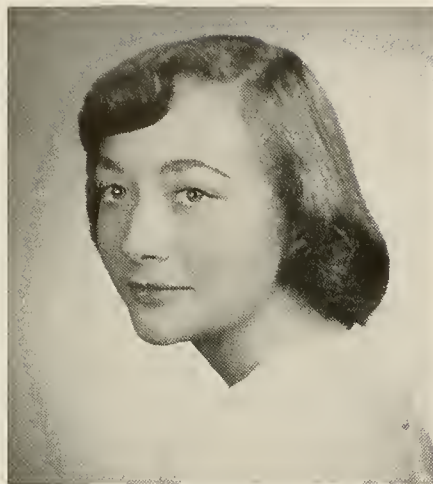
Stubborn? We-ell, it's just that individualism is their characteristic trait. However, they are a cohesive group of eight, taken as a class, and as members of the hall, are absorbed into the Denbigh spirit of equality, liberty and sorority.

Very particular about their food, most of them diet haphazardly at their minute dinner-table which is graced by a collection of private condiments—pepper-corns, the prized pepper-grinder, mint and Worcestershire sauces, and curry powder to liven up menus “subject to change.”

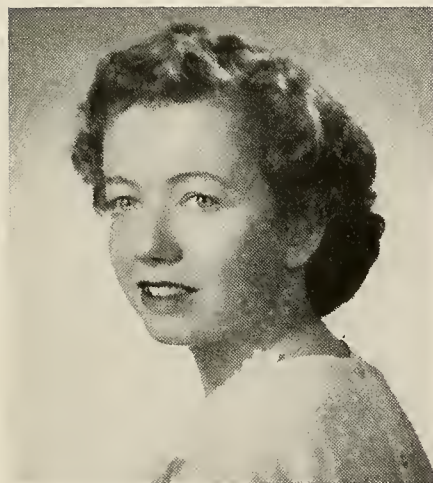
Traditionally the singing hall, they gather around a nucleus of chorus members on the steps outside the “Quiet” after dinner for Ann Boleyn “with her head tucked underneath her arm” and Dem Bones. The other tradition peculiar to Denbigh is the faculty tea to which professors are invited to come in shorts or jeans for a rip-roaring game of baseball on the green afterwards. On spring afternoons and evenings there is always a game being played; in winter, card crazes replace the baseball fever and “Pounce” sweeps the smoker.

A leading motif in the hall is the espousing of the cause of the Coatesville Mental Hospital. The Pink Elephant dance is rehearsed in the Show Case, and after the performance is over, the rouged and powdered heroines bring the excitement of the “mellerdrama” back to the hall for post-mortems.

As individuals, the Denbigh seniors vary. Brenda is wee—an even five feet—and cannot walk very fast. She insists that skipping is easier, and that is how Denbighites catch the Local—Brenda skipping, the rest plodding behind, Marathon-fashion. As for the rest of the procession, “Broad” will try and tell you that she’s descended from Chief Broadfoot of the Sioux Injun tribe. She’s really a guinea-pig fancier and raises them in the Bio lab. “Corcoranisms” are treasured by the seniors, for Ann can always be counted on to say the obvious when it is least expected. In Molly, they have half a pair of twins, an ancient history expert, who previews the Monday night concerts for the rest of the hall on Friday afternoons. Jane Ann is a notorious card-shark in the smoker and an embryo-dissector in the lab, while Sally, with her Duncan dancing and knack for song-writing, represents the aesthete. Margo is pure energy—writer of world-shaking philosophy papers, producer for the Coatesville theater, and always the last to walk out on night-discussions.



BRENDA WINTHROP BOWMAN
English



JEAN A. BROADFOOT
Biology



ANN CORCORAN
History of Art



MARTHA DARLING
History



JANET ANN HOUZE
Biology



ELIZABETH DUFFY KENNARD
History



LYNN LEWIS
Politics

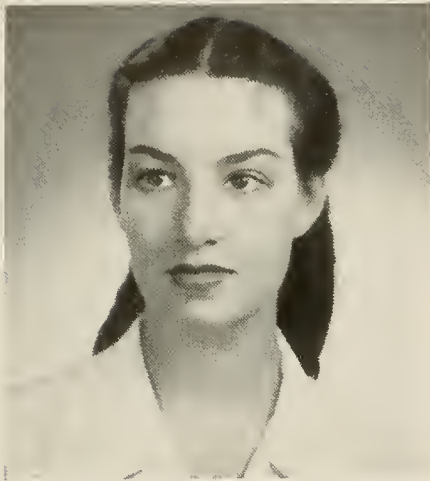


SALLY WISNER LOOMIS
Classical Archeology

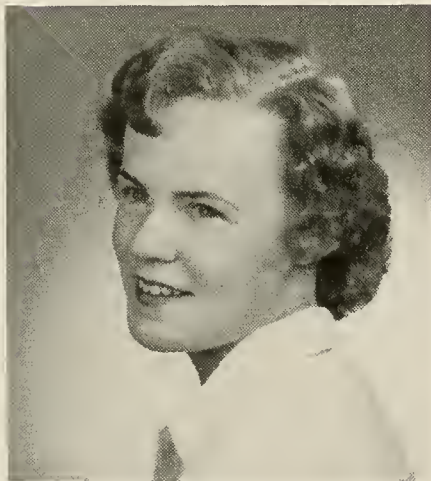


MARGUERITE OTTILIE VORYS
History of Art

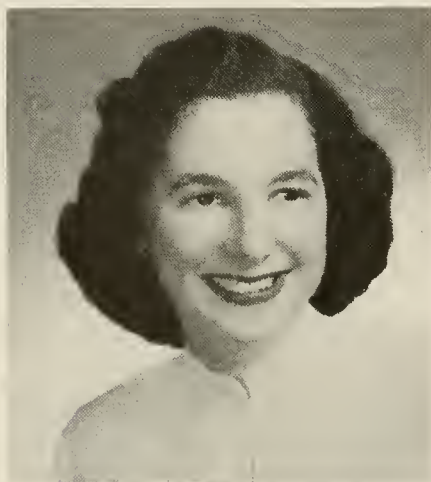




MARTHA DORRIS BARBER
History



SARAH BEAMAN
German



NORMA JANE BERNSTEIN
English

MERION

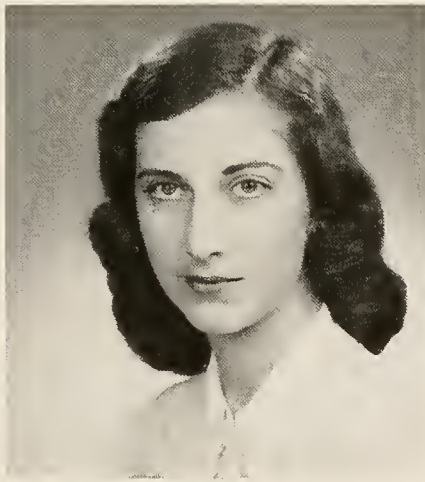
Merion's atmosphere can be cut with a knife. It is the oldest hall and is known campus-wide for having and attracting more characters, for having more dates per capita and more escapades than any other. Every once in a while, an epidemic of idiotic "fiascoes" breaks out. These range from "Lost Mondays" at Princeton to periodic New York binges and bicycling down the Atlantic City boardwalk at 6 a. m. Five of the fourteen seniors are already engaged, which leaves only nine to be frustrated school-teachers and librarians.

Hall life centers around the smoker which has clasped to its bosom (littered with tomato juice cans and cigarette butts and discarded mail) such personalities as Chuckles and Herman, "Cupcake" and "Rabbit", the "ditchdiggers" who used to hold seminars there on existentialism, and "Uncle Mike", ever game for a beer at Fords. Sheila is always there, squashed into the sofa reading either *The New Republic* or a Big-Little book, waiting for the stroke of midnight when she can get up and collect her miscellaneous political thoughts for a paper due at 9. Sitting cross-legged in an enormous Indian blanket robe will be Skip, spouting ideas, facts and opinions or passing around Aunt Hattie's last letter and envelope decorated with pictures from Burpee's seed catalogue. Conversation ranges from men to men, sprinkled with a bit of college gossip or a smattering of opinion on world affairs. Here "Bob Lindsay Day" was evolved, reputations are made and unmade, and the cud of vacation and week-ends is chewed.

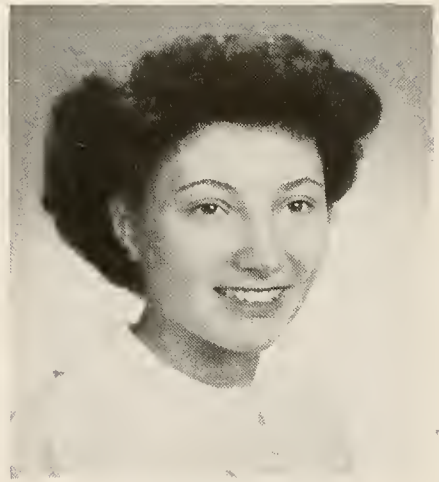
The Show-Case, decorated in the Victorian fashion with curved sofas and lion-footed tables, is the scene of polite chatter over the after-dinner demi-tasse, and the hullabaloo of Lanin's hall meetings. Among those playing bridge on the floor will be Kippy and Shirley Fish, who spent last year in Geneva. Others of the international set are Molli, in a cable-stitch sweater, looking like a fashion plate from *Vogue*, who spent last year at the Sorbonne, and Sally Beaman who came back from Zurich with a fiancé hailing from Chestnut Hill. From the deep South is Syb with a Scarlett O'Hara waistline and a father who is football coach at Duke, and also Norma Jane with the distinction of having become engaged two and a half weeks after she met Alan. Yoey's claim to fame is a black leotard—enuf said!



ANN SYBIL CAMERON
Politics



YOLANDE MASCIA DOMVILLE
History



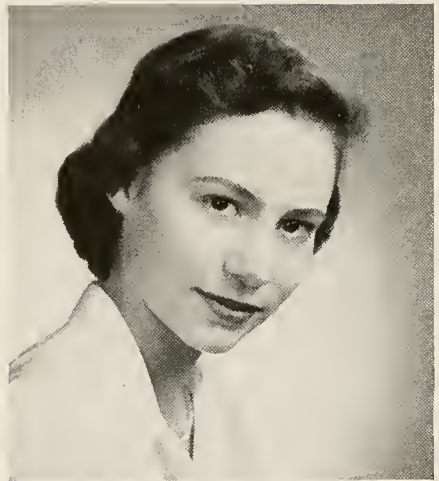
SHIRLEY FISH
Politics



PATRICIA H. KELLER
Economics



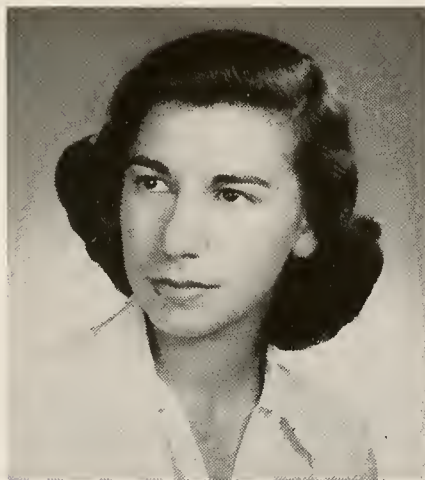
HELEN HUNTINGTON MARTIN
English



MARGARET THOMURE MORRIS
French



MARY-ELIZABETH MEULLER
Politics



ANN SEIDEMAN
Psychology



DOROTHY JOAN SUNDERLAND
History of Art



SHEILA TATNALL
Politics

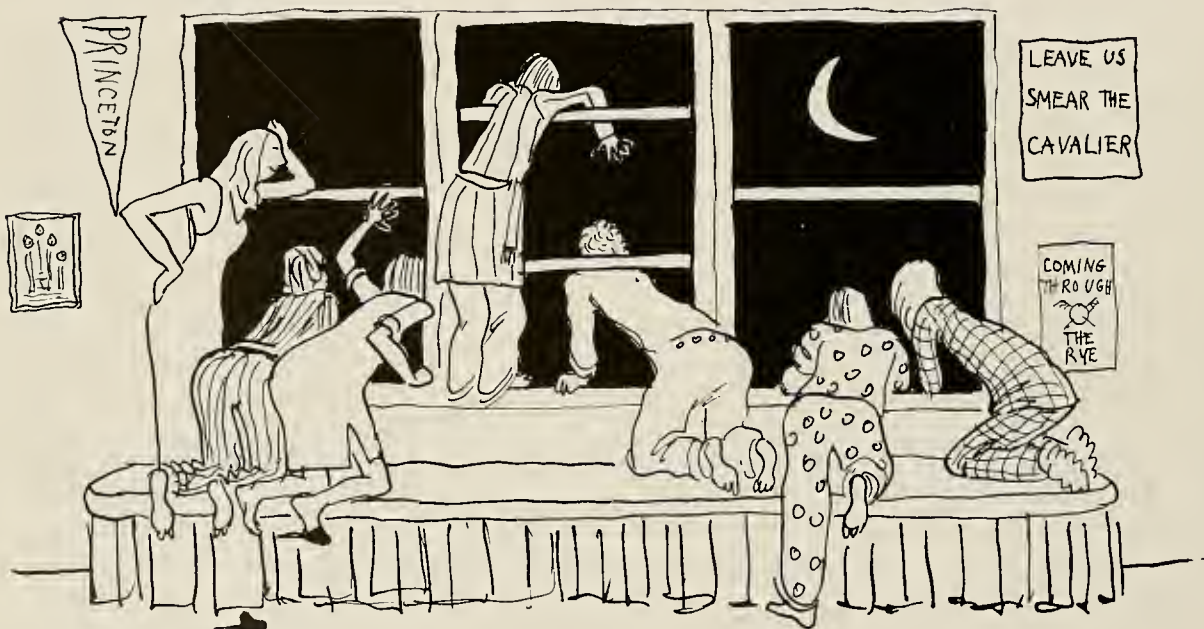


KATRINA THOMAS
English

The Merion hunger drive is adequately remedied by three meals a day from the college, by the bookshop, the Community Kitchen and the Hearth, 5 a. m. breakfast at the Blu Comet and hoagies ordered from Mariani's to fill in the cracks. Patty Keller and Holly are invariably accompanied to dinner by their swains who evidently prefer the Bryn Mawr kitchen to that at Haverford. There is Katsy who bolts her food and Sunny who needs to be fed intravenously, and upstairs in the tea-pantry Seideman brews coffee to stay awake while she counts clothing for the Merion Cleaning Agency. (In between collecting clothes and recruiting Psych subjects, Annie runs Self-Gov. so smoothly that we barely know it exists.)

The tea pantry has even been known to have been used for cooking whole chicken dinners, as when Christmas dinner was served to a group of Penn law students in the silent study. However, the straw that broke the camel's back was when a Haverford-man appeared at breakfast. Bathrobed and bandana-ed tired-eyed Merion simply could not take prunes and Haverford at that non-speaking hour!

Originally the fourteen seniors were only part of twenty-eight extremely noisy Freshmen who used to stare aghast at the erudition and eccentricities of the class of '46. Never, they thought, would they reach such a state of worldliness and peculiarity. Imagine Kat's surprise one night when after bounding up the steps and shaking her date firmly by the hand, she leaned over the signing-out book and heard a Freshman still out on the porch saying: "That's the hall character!" Seniors they are at last!



PEMBROKE EAST

Prank-playing, niche-filling seniors, full of sound and fury, carry banners unfurled into crusades against the faculty, May Day, administration, squirrels and each other; and their college-broadened minds conceive vast schemes for quick money, European trips, dance decorations, marriage. Up in arms, down in the dumps, off to Harcum, back from the Ville, spirit runs high. Pem East has big-happy-family atmosphere with every-man-is-an-island diversity; some of us metamorphose newspaper into pink Dali-esque statuary behind bolted doors, others spin out a network of faked phone calls from the Harcum switchboard, and the more easily amused lay out snares and dummies, calculated to tingle spines.

The keynote, Organization, comes from a sense that everything we do is as vital as hot water on Thursday night. Freshman-animal-hunting was plotted with the precision of an A-Bomb test. Less destructive but no less efficient are the "surprise" birthday parties which come off with anticipated regularity. The only blot on our birthday scutcheon was the time a Toni-Home-Permanent smell nearly choked the celebrants, until somebody discovered an alpaca-lined coat smoldering on a hot plate.

Freshman-Hall-Play-Placque-winning, we carry drama into our everyday lives. "The room under the stairs" is our world, and all the world's a stage. Not a day goes by but somebody makes a grand entrance, casts books and coat aside and delivers a harangue on anything from an aca-



LOUISE BELKNAP
History of Art



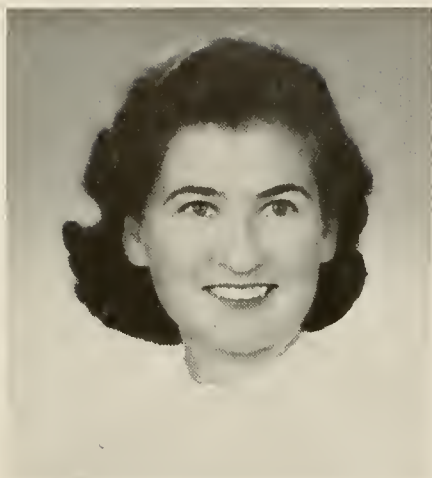
ANDREA B. N. BELL
History



ANN EBERSTADT
Politics



BARBARA BENTLEY
French



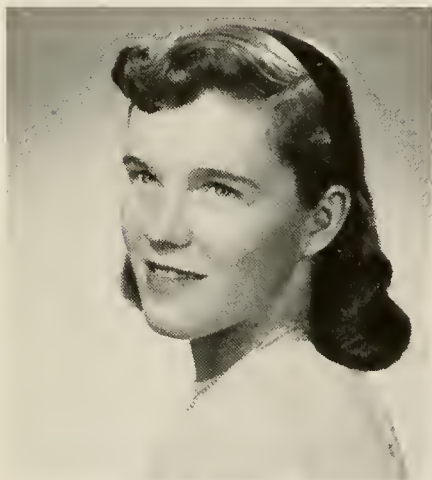
ELISABETH MARIA GUTH
Politics



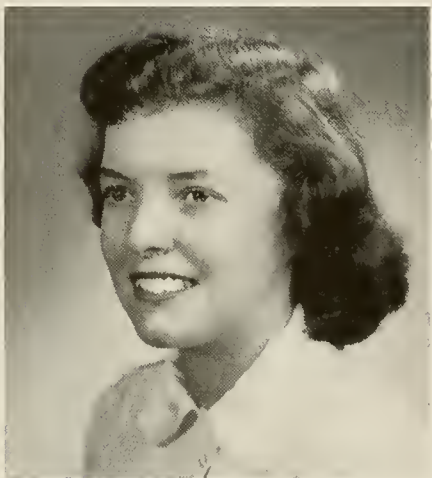
demic injustice to a sensational weekend. And never a day goes by but some paper-typer doesn't declare herself on the verge of collapse and drag her unwilling friends down with her in a maelstrom of Thesaurus-thumbng, dictionary-delving and footnote-phrasology.

The same intensity stimulates a voracious appetite for new diversion, leading us through vagues of cross-word puzzles, Spite and Malice, argyle socks and a continual sampling of Main Line movies. Winnie-the-Pooh-like "expotitions" have led us in many directions—to secret gardens, eerie estates, to picnics by and in Dove Lake, to the wilds of the P.&W. country by station wagon for moonlit beer-drinking, and the same wanderlust may scatter us like leaves over the Continent next year.

No Ivory Tower, this.



ALICE LOUISE HACKNEY
Biology



SUZANNE ELIZABETH
HENDERSON
English



MARY EVE ISRAEL
French



LANE BETTE KOLKER
Philosophy



EDYTHER GEORGIA LA GRANDE
Politics



ZOE LUND
Economics



LUCILE BAILEY MAHIEU
Chemistry



NANCY MARTIN
Politics



SALLY VIRGINIA McINTYRE
English



GALE DINSMORE MINTON
Politics



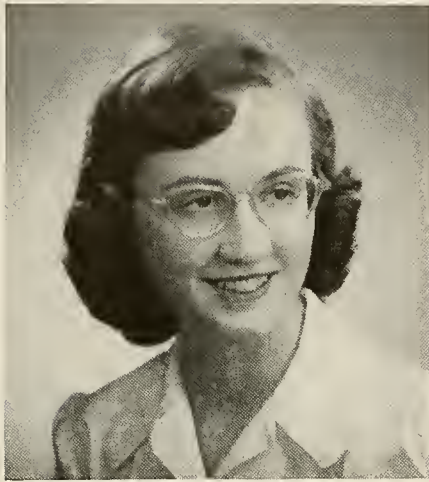
MARCIA MORRIS
English



CLARISSA PLATT
History of Art



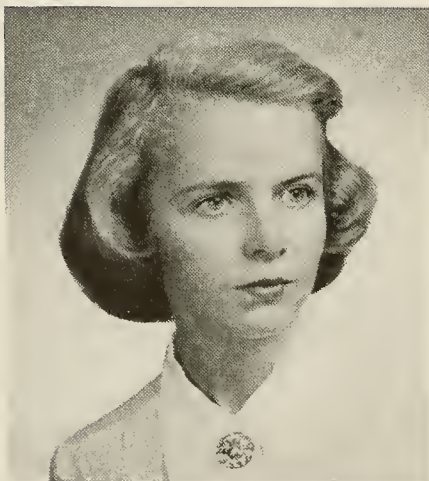
HELEN BARBARA SINGER
Sociology



JACKIE JANE GAWAN
History



VIVIAN IRWIN JOHNSON
English



LOUISE TWADDELL POPE
French

PEM WEST

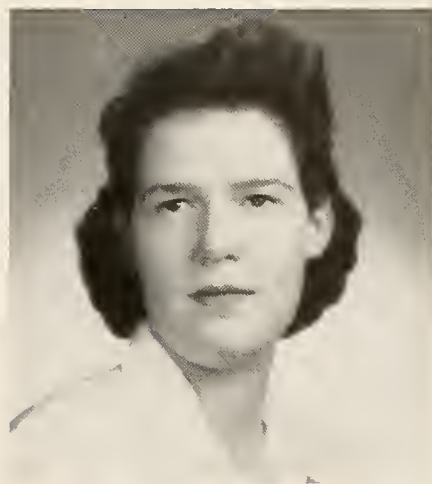
Now we are six. Once we were seventeen, but Barnard and Columbia Dramatic School and matrimony stole away the others, so now there are only six living in the atmosphere of their departed friends. There is no more boogie-woogie played on the piano, and the little voice which once sang "I'm a Brat" for **Past Perfect** has sailed away to Paris. The heroine of the Freshman Show has an eight month old baby, and the rest have gone out into the world. Gone forever are those gay days and nights, and before-dawn séances when Pem West gathered around a dimly-lighted table for a little discussion with the spirits introduced by Swami Wesson. Gone are those mock trials after John J. Whitendick was killed and the culprit was brought to justice in true Perry Mason fashion in an order-less court where the attorneys kept changing the evidence to suit their side of the case. All this has gone now . . . they had to leave to get some sleep.

Only six remain, and what are they doing? Not sleeping certainly, for Pem West will always be insomniac. Who can sleep in a ten year old haystack that is accustomed to someone else's shape? The frequent question is: "What are we doing here?" (Not an *infrequent* one for any of us who are still pursuing an education when we are *old enough* to be bringing up Junior too.) Honey is running the League, seldom seen but sometimes heard, she divides her time between the Deanery, charity drives and the French department. Mary Jane is slaving over her knitting needles, only stopping for the mail and tea and a little psychology when her fingers get stiff. Willa goes flip-flopping down the hall to the phone in little red booties with a gleam in her eye—to match the gleam on her third finger left hand. And there's Gawan straight from Goodhart stage in paint-splashed jeans ballet poised on a tome of Shakespeare, quoting a line from the newest Drama Guild production. She's turning into a veritable Robin Hood as she still tries to pass her sport requirement. Surrounded by freshmen lost hopelessly in a ten-line German sentence, is Leslie wishing she were back in Zurich exploring Europe over extended weekends instead of playing Sherlock Holmes to a German

verb. Last of all, comes Vivian tearing her red hair over a few split infinitives and Chancer's English, who with the aid of Willy gives Tonis to straight-headed Pem Westers in the back corridor.

If Pem Westers have a complex, it ought to have to do with clothes. Their smoker is unique in having in it a Carl Rose cartoon called: "The Renaissance of Rugged Individualism: The Bryn Mawr Sophomore who wore a Town Ensemble and the Correct Accessories on Campus" and pictures a girl dressed in the height of 1932 fashion (the skirt-length is just coming back in style) surrounded by a circle of frumps in pants and baggy skirts with droopy slips. But, they dress no differently from the rest of us.

Instead, their distinguishing trait is a special eagerness to follow those who have gone before—and they don't mean grad school!



MARIE LESLIE WEEL
German

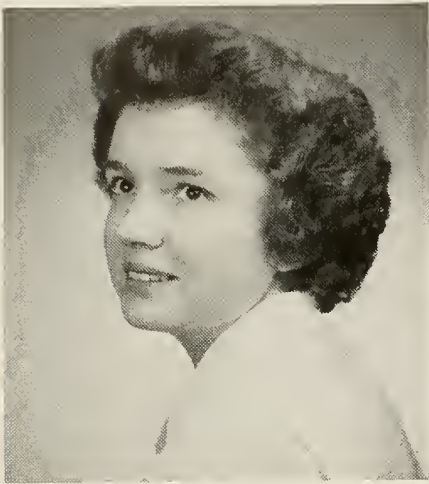


WILLA MARIE WHYBURN
Classical Archeology

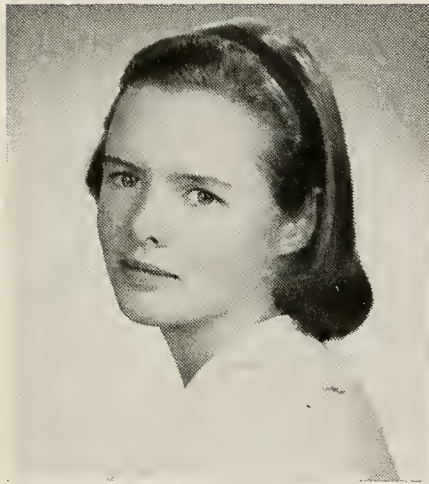


MARY JANE WORK
Psychology

RADNOR



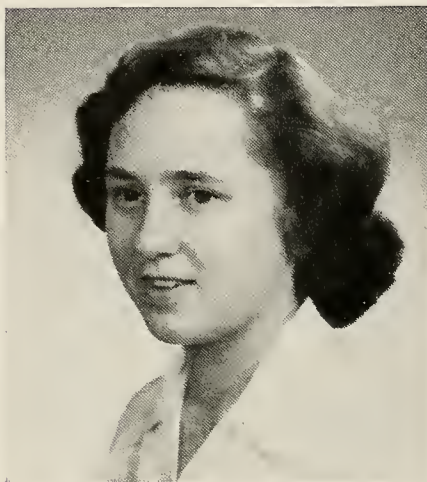
MARY ROSE BEETLESTONE
Chemistry



MARION MOSELY HARVEY
Physics



KATHERINE BARBARA
KNAPLUND
History



MARY EDITH LUTLEY
Latin



ELEANOR ROSE WIXOM
Biology

This year . . . an experiment. To determine the psychological entropy of mixing a distribution of fifty undergraduates culled from the college at large and the freshman class at random in the atmosphere of the ghosts of departed grad students.

The apparatus was mostly second-hand. A slightly soiled Tudor Gothic building on a corner of the campus, but there were four smokers, ten sets of modern furniture and five idealistic seniors.

No catalyst was needed; the reaction was immediate and its effects unsettling. Senior poise does not equate with the ebullience of freshman spirits. The accretion of three years' dignity went in two weeks. The freshmen raged on and the seniors looked for psychological refuges and outlets. The historian repaired to the Senior Writing Room; the biologist preferred the company of bacteria, and the physicist tried electrocution. The Latin scholar skulked in the shadow of Pallas Athena and the chemist drowned her sorrows in ethyl alcohol.

An effort was made to settle the elements. A sound-proof dining room and small tables kept chaos to a minimum, but the overall result of the experiment was an overall gain in free energy. Although manifestations of previous civilizations still appear, the returning grad students will find no trace of their own rarified atmosphere.

RHOADS NORTH

You can always tell a Rhoads girl—she doesn't look as though she has been living under a mouldy board for eight months. The older halls draw cloaks of tradition around themselves contemptuously, but they've got to admit that the cool polished corridors and the sun-filled rooms of Rhoads are enviable, even though they may sneer: "Just like a hospital!" The Rhoads girl lives in that picture post-card section of the campus, a huge brandy-spandy new Gothic hall with adolescent ivy climbing up the walls. Bright convertibles are continually parked in the road winding down the hill from the Deanery and stretched almost to Goodhart—the prep school girl's dream of college life.

There are, of course, disadvantages attached to living in a showplace of such renown. When students have to yell for the night-watchman to chase away the Peeping Toms who snub the dowdier halls and hover around the modern low windows of first floor North, they begin to wish they didn't have it so good.

Meals in Rhoads are civilized affairs—only half a dozen girls to a table, all within easy reach of the food, while in other halls the ends of the long tables are hostile beds of conspiracy for securing a monopoly on the meat and those in the center just go hungry. In the smoker they have a piano which is actually in tune and hold tea dances here on a polished tile floor that doesn't need to be sprinkled with dance wax. And in spring they have their own private sunbathing roof where half the hall lies out all afternoon soaking up baby oil and baby German at the same time.

The complexes of the Rhoads triumvirate vary from Grace's fixation for the Ee and Politics departments and the affairs of the world in general to Franny's split personality—split between the hockey field and the nightclub, while Betsy often exhibits those paranoic tendencies when it snows for the sole purpose of holding up the air mail and, no bar within ten miles will believe that she is 21!



ELIZABETH ANN CURRAN
History



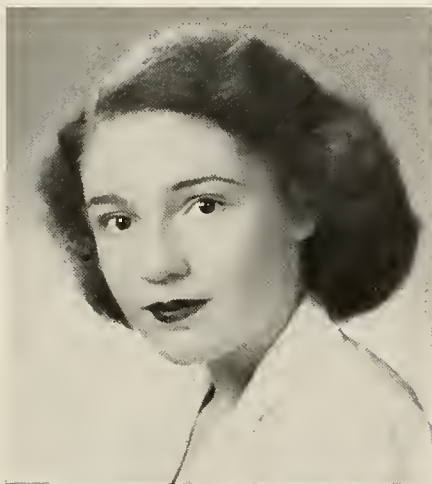
GRACE VOORHIS DILLINGHAM
Economics



FRANCES HARRIS EDWARDS
Politics



ROSE R. BLAKELY
History



PHYLLIS LILIAN BOLTON
English



VIRGINIA BLAIR BROOKE
English

RHOADS SOUTH

A survey of the Rhoads South seniors indicates that one can graduate from Bryn Mawr in any psychological state from schizophrenia to neurosis. No wonder Ginger has lost contact with her environment—she used to spend Friday through Sunday away from college, and now only spends Tuesdays through Thursdays here. Eve is a victim of multiple personality. She has covered the continent from McGill to Sewanee, from Banff to Bryn Mawr, all fields from world federation to ballet, and all majors from biology to philosophy.

No amnesia victim, Cornelia, the hall vice-president, poll-watches under the assumed name of Braxpom, but she is becoming neurotic in trying to decide between Haverford, Haverford, Haverford and Annapolis. Before she was engaged, Ellen Smith had delusions of grandeur and thought she'd be a singer, but it took very little to cure that complex. Cynn timer is undeniably an escapist, from the History department, but not so easily from History of Art. Over weekends, she escapes to New York and the art galleries, and every day between tea and dinner, takes the easiest path of escape—bed.

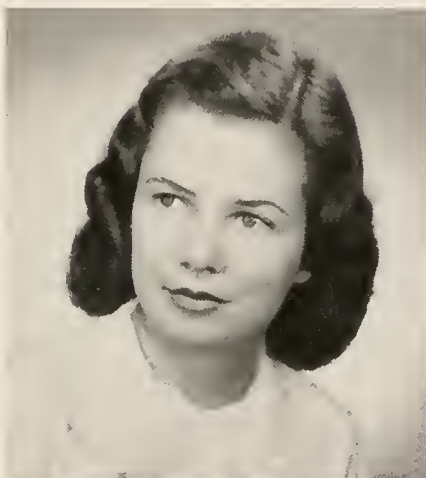
An unstable personality and wanderlust take Lois to the bright lights of New York one summer, gay Paree the next, then bend her to soak



up the library between flings. Phyllis is the phenomenon; a prize bridge player (by Bryn Mawr rationalization this makes her an intellectual) and a Russian scholar who could out-talk Molotov. Harriet is a clear case of regression, for she has been driven back to the second grade over her honors paper and spends most of her time trying to put squares into circles and vice versa. With Rose she shares a notable absence of a Mason-Dixon complex, and Rose, as far as can be ascertained, is mentally well-balanced with a magnetic personality. Contributing factors to this state are a radio, plenty of floor space and pillows for bridge, and a central location on second floor Rhoads South.



HARRIET TAYLOR CAULKINS
Psychology



**CORNELIA CRAWFORD
CLAXTON**
Economics and Politics



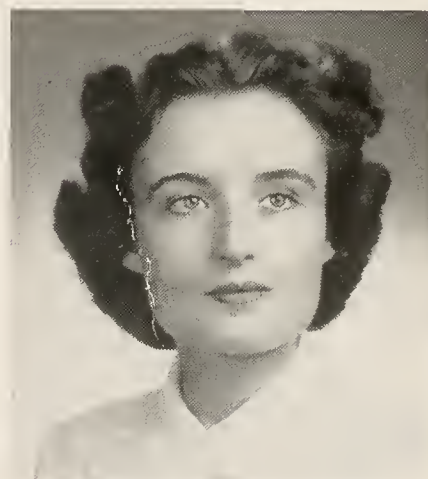
CYNTHIA ANN HINSDALE
History of Art



EVE JANET OSLER
Philosophy

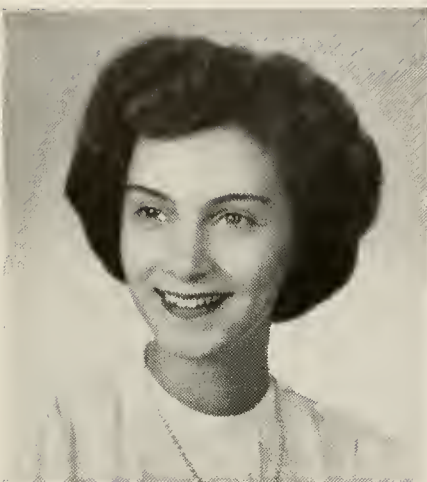


LOIS E. SHERMAN
History

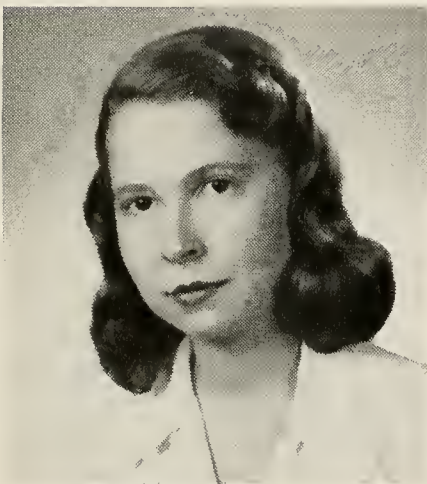


ELLEN GRAVES SMITH
English

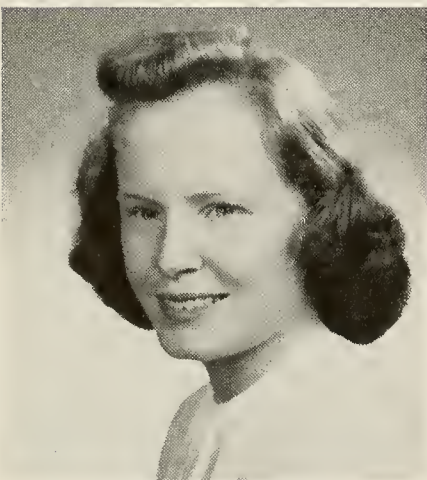
ROCKEFELLER



MARY MOORE AUSTIN
Chemistry



SUZANNE BACHNER
History



BARBARA BOAS
German

To analyze the personalities of the Rock seniors takes more than mere psychology. It takes mob psychology! Rock speaks for itself, often. And those who live there will remember the eccentricities of Rock life. There are advantages. Where else on campus can one brush one's teeth in private? There are disadvantages. Where else on campus is there such a dearth of floor plugs? There is an old saying that the name of Rockefeller broke the old Welsh tradition, and started Bryn Mawr off in a new direction. There seems little doubt that this trend has been maintained, and yet anything, if given the right atmosphere can become "an old Rock tradition".

Although they live in cloistered ivied walls, the Rock seniors like excitement, and if there's a lack of it, can be counted on to create some. There was the day Pooh galloped Jane up Rhoads meadow and frightened the wits out of Dr. Sprague. Half a dozen casualties occur a year as everyone tries to warm up at the fireplace before a winter breakfast. A breakfast of scrambled eggs cooked in a double boiler as it can only be done in Rock!

There are two kinds of seniors—those who sleep at night and those who sleep by day. This has nothing to do with a shortage of beds. Inspiration strikes but once and if it happens after 10 p. m., who can resist it? The library staff is responsible for this study plan. Anyway, it is difficult to find any other explanation for the overnight reserve rule, and according to this reverse system, the student can return her book in the morning before she goes to bed with a clear conscience, without having to worry about a 50 cent fine if she oversleeps.

The seniors have to admit that much of their time is spent "sitting out" waiting for the mailman who always comes to Rock first. Its proximity to the Ville means that most of the inmates have one foot constantly out the door in that direction. By leaving at 1:37, it's a cinch to make the 1:39 Local. The rest of their time is spent around the two bridge tables, or playing on the floor at hall meeting, trying to signal "Two no", without incurring the wrath of Sue Kelley, their hall president.



JOAN DE VALOIS CHESLEY
History of Art



SARAH DARLING
History



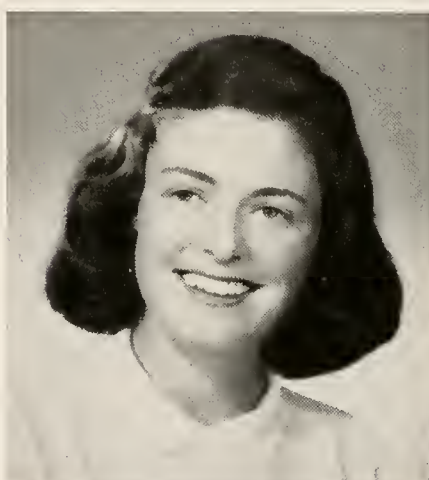
JEAN HELENA ELLIS
History



KATHRYN FISHER GEIB
Politics



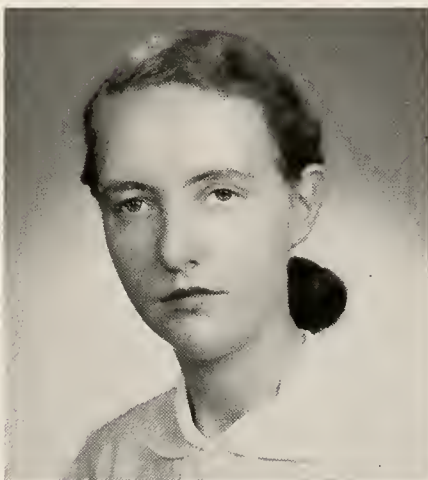
DIANE HUSZAGH
Classical Archeology



SUSAN KELLEY
Politics



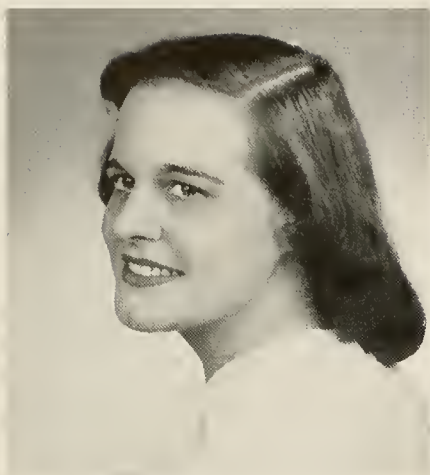
BEVERLY ANN LEVIN
Philosophy



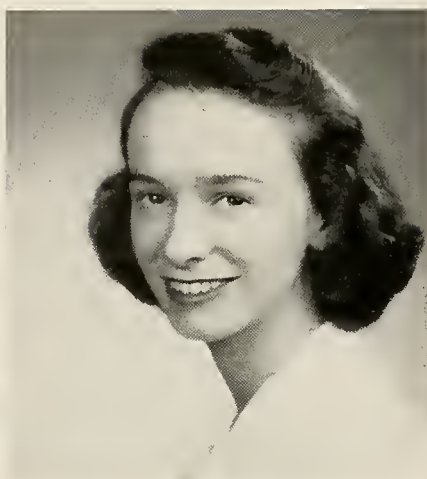
JANE EMMET MACATEE
German



FRANKIE SCHERL MARVIN
Philosophy



ANN MASON McKEE
Geology



JEAN LOWRY PEARSON
German



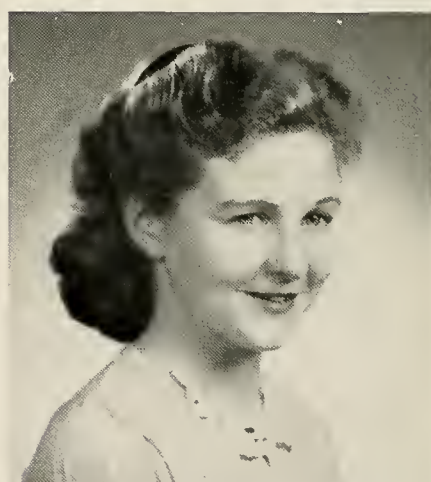
MARILYN PETERS
Psychology



EVELYN PATRICIA RANSOM
Politics



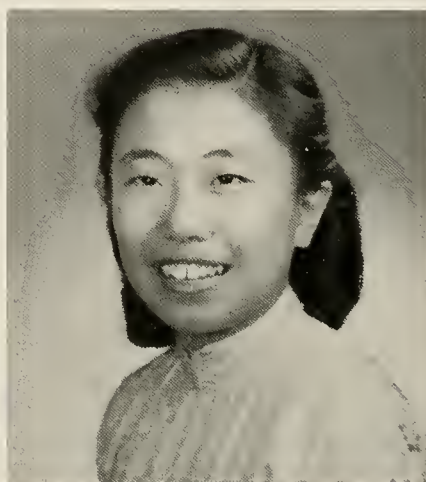
JOAN R. H. ROBBINS
Psychology



ELEANOR TALCOTT RUBSAM
English



ELIZABETH IRWIN SPALDING
English



ELLEN TAN
Geology

The dining-room is the scene of semi-annual hall dances, and even less peaceful meals. Especially trying are those announcements marked "Read six times", but senior ears are only trained to pick up fined meetings, and frequent repetitions of "Contagion cards now due" are politely ignored. Kathy Geib sacrifices peaceful lunches and dinners for the information and enlightenment of the hall regarding local events. If the meal is progressing too calmly, the sophomores decide to enjoy the sight of the seniors hopping and chewing at the same time. And, if the seniors feel like retaliating they send countless martyrs around the table for "unsuitable remarks". Sometimes looks alone can cause it.

The combined smoker-Show Case is always set for action. Before breakfast it contains one or two readers of the **New York Times**. After breakfast—everybody fighting for the **Inquirer** funnies. All morning there are those people who study best under the pressure of excitement. In the mid-afternoon there occurs a lull until 5:30—again the mail. The evening is broken up into two shifts—before dates and after dates, and finally those who have to meet an early deadline take over. From the traces left next morning it is elementary to reconstruct the crimes.

The devotion of Rock girls to their hall is just on the respectable side of an Oedipus complex. If asked why they cut so many classes, why they are not seen daily in the library, the smiling excuse is simply: "Because we love Rock so much!" And if you doubt their loyalty to one another, just try to break the Rock block!



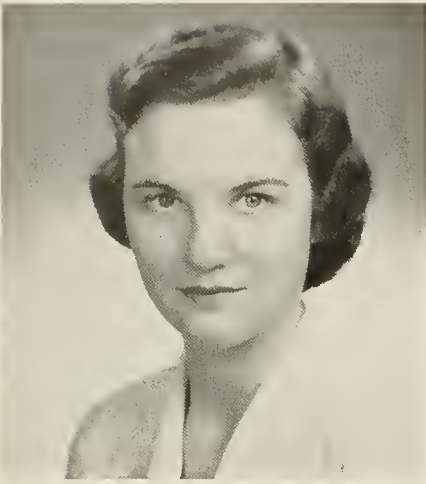
MARJORIE HELEN WEDGE
Psychology



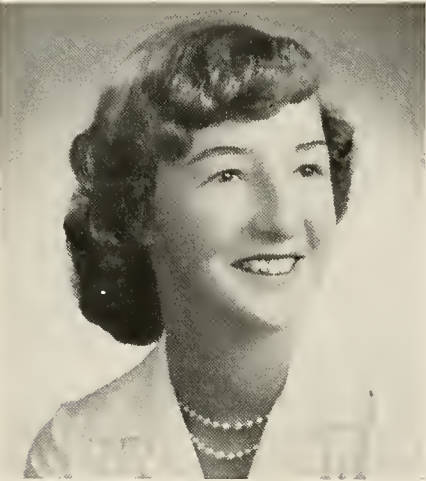
SALLY DORSEY WORTHINGTON
Psychology



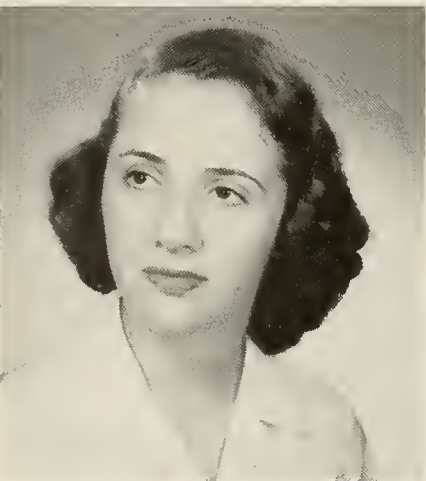
SPANISH HOUSE



JANE ELLIS
History



CLARE FAHNESTOCK
Spanish



MARIAN CLIFFORD JOHN
Spanish

You'd think that there'd be no bloody difference between one bull fight and another, but in Spanish House where the Spanish and Mexican elements are constantly at war, you'll learn that there are all sorts of ways to carve up Ferdinand. Jane Ellis, who was exposed to the techniques of the old country's matadors, defends the ancient regime (or however you say it in Spanish), while Johnny, who took her junior year in Mexico, claims that her beaux south of the border have new and better ways to serve up steak. Clare is forced to wait till June 20th for passage to Spain, and bases her arguments on a pocketbook of Hemingway. But, all agree with Señor Salinas that what Tyrone Power in *Blood and Sand* knew about the game could be put into a Mexican jumping bean—no bull!

It is a small and select group of señoritas in the wing of Denhigh, and they had to play three-handed bridge till Lyn Lewis came downstairs to join the group. They babble Spanish all day and have to put two cents into the "kitty" for every lapse into English. Lyn adds a little Chilean seasoning to the Mexican-Spanish, Spanish-Spanish, and school-Spanish.

After hot tortillas and toreadors, they find life in Denhigh a little prosaic, for baked beans "New York style" and Ty Power are small comfort. They fall back on memories. "A serape in every room and a sombrero on every bedpost" is the rule, and they endeavor to retain a Spanish atmosphere by listening to Don Francisco, Brooklyn's Spanish disc jockey, daily at 11:45. Johnny had counted on the consolation of "feelthy records", with which she had to swim across the Rio Grande in order to get them over the border, but they are so colloquial that all the philosophy is lost to American ears. At a complete loss when one of the pet turtles died, they wanted to hold a wake but did not know the Spanish technique and were forced to bury him without proper ceremony. Occasionally, they resort to asking señors Salinas and Alcalá for dinner, and, sandwiching them in at the table for six, rub elbows with a real live Spaniard and Mexican.

WYNDHAM

Trailing bits of French 101 and a semi-jaded allegiance to their erstwhile halls, the escapists came at last to the poor man's Paris, Wyndham. Here, in an atmosphere of unregenerate laissez-faire, Nature vies with Culture to reproduce the carefree, primitive life of the Montmartre apache. This land, just off campus, is one of stark contrasts. On the one hand exotic birds coo in the eaves and rodents of unbelievable dimensions amaze the nocturnal traveler. Among the shaded grotts, a golden faun stretches beneath the dogwood, contemplating the mysticism of Rabelais while sunworshipping nymphs recline among packs of cards and coke-bottles on the balcony. On the other hand, in the smoke-filled boite-de-nuit, haggard journalists look for the mot juste to the amorous crooning of Trenêt. In the corner, the monopolists stake Boardwalk with two hotels on the throw of a dice. And far into the night, Bohemians in bathrobes wrangle over the meaning of existentialism. Indifferent to this scene of youthful abandon, Toulouse Lautrec's lady broods in her deshabillee and the music-room ghost swings from the crystal chandelier.



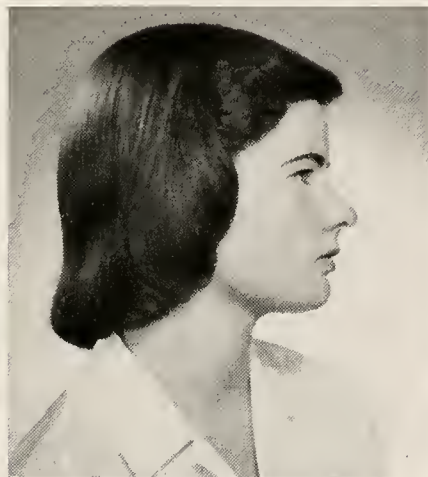
LUCILLE ELIZABETH FLORY
French



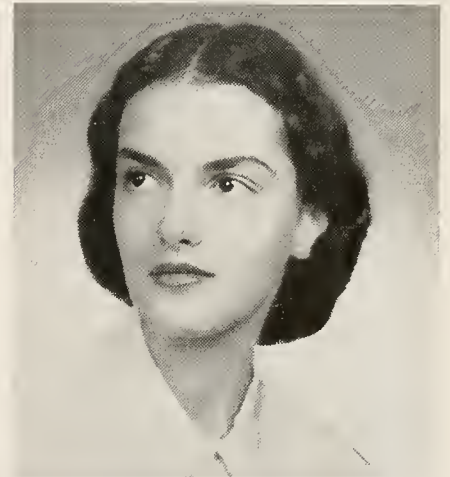
BETTY-BRIGHT PAGE
French



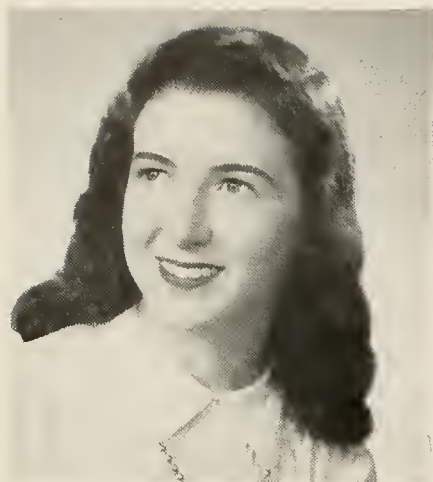
ANN F. SCHMIDT
Physics



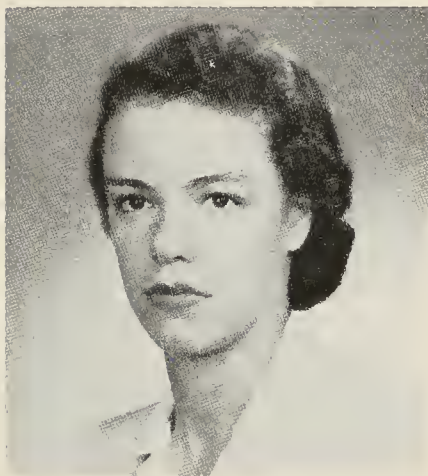
ANNE HUNT THOMAS
French



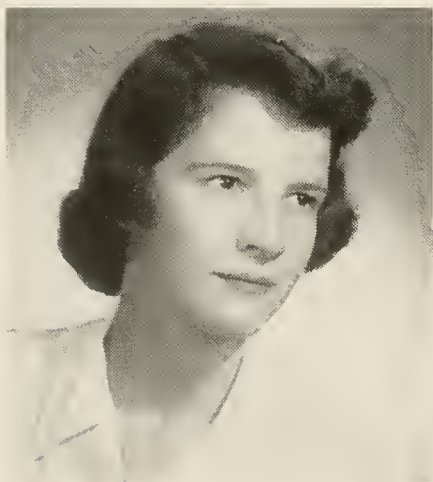
GERALDINE ALICE WARBURG
English



MARY ELIZABETH ABERNETHY
Mathematics



LOUISE SPENCER ERVIN
Greek



EMILIE B. HUGHES
History of Art

NON - RES.

The superiority complex of the non-resses is due to the fact that they can study in their rooms with the aid of a cigarette and a bottle of Hohenadel, and go out on a date completely in the dark about their escort's intentions. Life, they claim, is not so bound by classes and papers but is rather set in the domestic bliss of a home.

Their college-life centers in a little tiled room in the basement of the library at the end of that long alley only explored by paper-writers who have to refer to musty copies of the **New York Times**. Here on gleaming chrome furniture, the non-resses eat their paper-bagged lunches and discuss life outside the hallowed halls.

Some walk to college, some drive and some catch the 8:15 Local. Bertha is of the latter group who repeat over and over "Old Maids Never Wed And Have Babies" (Overbrook, Merion, Narberth, Wynnewood, Ardmore . . .), in order to stay awake and not go on to Rosemont or fall out at Haverford by mistake. Betty Abernethy, who is president of the non-resses, lives only a stone's throw from the college, and plans to marry a Haverford man from Ardmore. The others are more cosmopolitan. Christel Kappes comes from



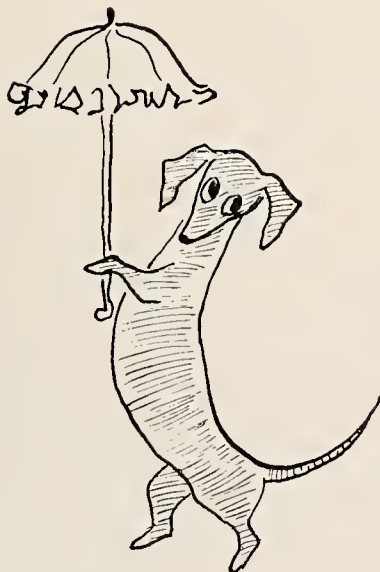


CHRISTEL KAPPES
Chemistry

Palestine, and Louise took herself to St. Andrew's in Scotland last summer. Emilie Hughes spent some time in the Waves, but is not the only vet, for with the class of '49 is going to graduate the only male veteran who has survived the horrors of undergraduate years in a female institution. Vassar, we are told, won't give their vets degrees, but Señor Logan is going to get a piece of parchment along with the rest of the class. Despite the aspersions cast upon "our boys who fought World War II", we've got to hand it to Dick for the stamina shown in his pursuit of an education. But, it's not only an education he's leaving with, but also a sophomore from Rock!



BERTHA WEXLER
Economics



MR. RICHARD LOGAN
Spanish

49 EX-49ERS

Judith Dorothy Adams
 Amey Amory
 (Mrs. A. Ivins C. DeFriez)
 Helen Anderton
 Thalia Argyropoulo
 Alice Woodward Babcock
 (Mrs. Stacey B. Lloyd)
 Barbara Bettman
 (Mrs. Richard Allen)
 Barbara Black
 Priscilla Boughton
 Gertruda Brooks
 Andi Bryne
 Shirley Robinson Burke
 (Mrs. J. T. Cunningham)
 Nancy Busch
 (Mrs. Willard Bennett)
 Nancy L. Carr
 Miriam Coates
 (Mrs. Paul B. Jones)
 Natalie Ann Collins
 (Mrs. James Gilmore)
 Ruth Crane
 (to be Mrs. Samuel Friedberg)
 Chantal de Kerillis
 Anne Bemister Dunn
 (Mrs. Francis Foster)
 Dorothy Platt Eceles
 (Mrs. James de Ganahl)
 Hope Hamilton English
 Charlotte Helen Feiner
 (Mrs. Paul Schwartz)
 Susan Judith Feldman
 Maxine Gordon
 Catherine Arms Graves
 Helen Parrish Hale
 (to be Mrs. Morris E. Kinnan)
 Emily Justine Harwood
 (Mrs. Henry Laquer)
 Ann Dudley Hill
 (Mrs. Hewitt Rose)
 Mary Jane Hodges
 Flora Jackson
 (Mrs. David Bashnm)

Top, left: Pat and Dave Dennis.

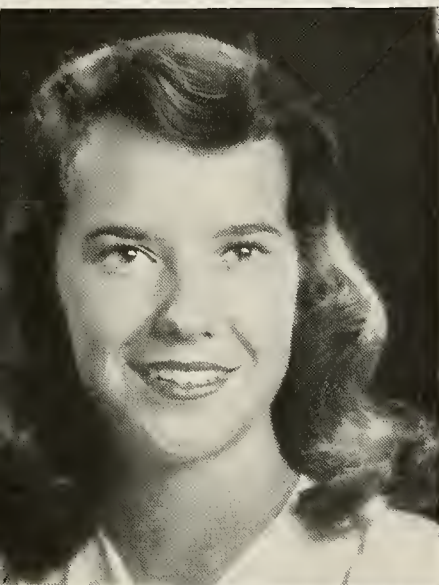
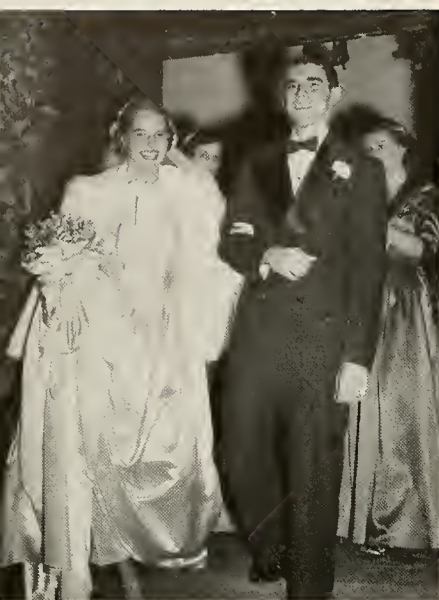
Top, right: Jerry Worsham.

Center, left: Penny Wesson Coe.

Center, right: Anne and Faf Foster.

Bottom, left: Bo and Dick Allen.

Bottom, right: Charlotte Feiner Schwartz.





Top, left: Nat and Jim Gilmore.



Top, right: Mimi and Paul Jones.

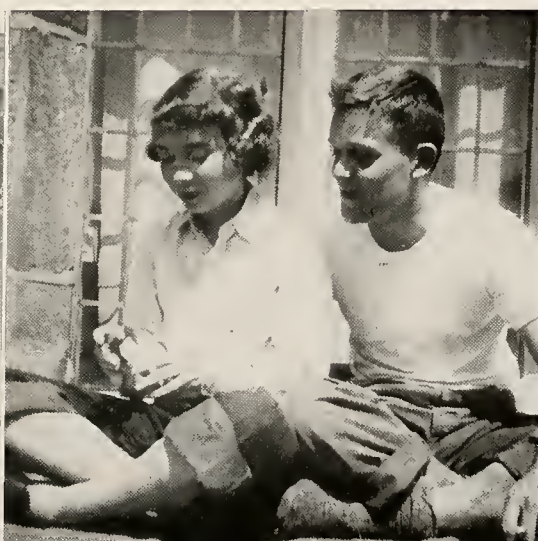
Marty Jane Jones
(Mrs. Robert E. Atkinson)
Geraldine Kartiganer
(Mrs. Leonard Steinlauf)
Katherine Krogness
Diantha Lawrence
(Mrs. Theodore Mander)
Joan LeGrand
(Mrs. John T. Hellyer)
Mary Catherine Maloney
Judith Helen Marens
(Mrs. Willard da Silva)
Miraed Morrison Peake
Pamela C. Stillman
(to be Mrs. Ernest Wilson)

Eleanor Kathleen Smith
Lilian C. Streeter
(Mrs. Gerald B. Lucas, Jr.)
Marilyn Eunice Talman
Marilyn Tickle
Nancy Claire Turner
Jill Underhill
(Mrs. Thomas Mangravite)
Alicie Tilton Wadsworth
(Mrs. Trowbridge Strong)
Anne Wellinger
Nancy Bell Wesson
(Mrs. Henry E. Coe III)
Jerry Evelyn Worsham

Below, right: Lil and Gerry Lucas.



Left: Judy Adams in Paris.



Center: Helen and Mo on the gym roof.



Right: Andy in Italy, summer of '48.

147 INGENUES



RHOADS
MERION

DENBIGH
ROCKEFELLER

PEMBROKE EAST AND WEST

THE ARTS

Seven Arts and some 600 Artists

I Arts Night

Consisting of original scripts, original music, original dance, original art and aboriginal orchestra.

II Class Shows - of two kinds:

- 1) Presented by Freshmen - entitled Freshman Show.
- 2) Presented by Juniors - entitled Junior Show

III Sophomore Carnival -

An extinct tradition revived and embellished by '49, according to its peculiar talents, assisted only by a booming gale and the shelter of Pem East.

IV Chorus

Made up of Sopranos (I and II) and Altos (I and II), augmented occasionally by Tenors and Basses (I and II)

V The News

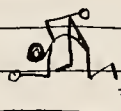
In Bryn Mawr, nearly everybody reads it, but only a few know what makes it tick.

VI Clubs

Convivial gatherings ~~of~~ for the advancement of Science Philosophy, Radio, Languages, Art, Flying and Teadrinking.

VII On Stage.

- 1) Drama Guild - 4 Annual Thon Productions
- 2) Stage Guild - Medieval organization, capable of machine-age efficiency.



lets
go to the
inn after this -

What?



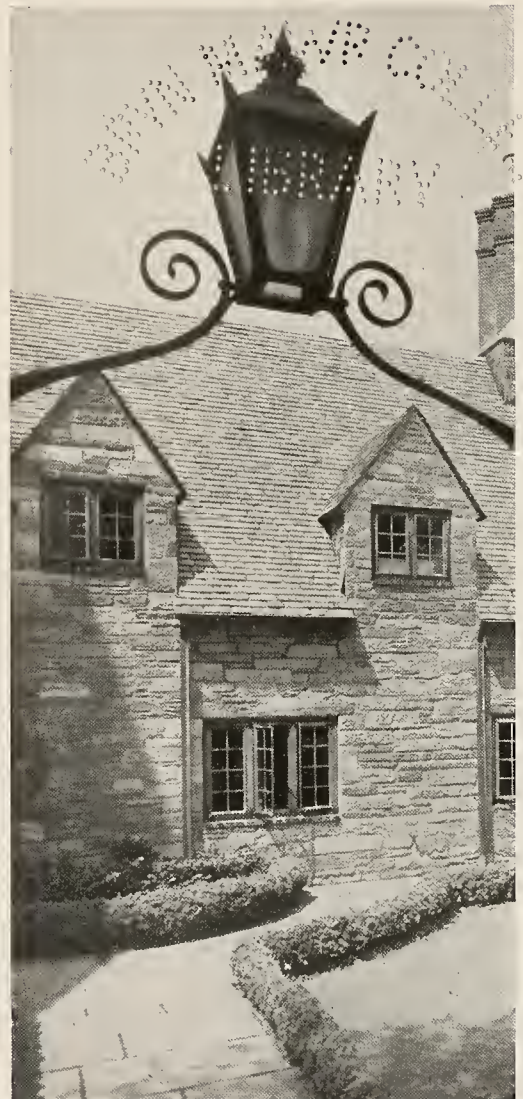
In a liberal arts' college, it is quite fitting that we be liberally artistic. Despite the Quaker tradition, courses and majors in fields of music, drama and art are slowly coming into being but the true aesthetes are lured to Goodhart Hall to give voice to their harmonic strains and vent to their histrionic aspirations. The great interest in things arty indicates that art is loved for art's sake and not for mark's sake. On the wings of David Diamond, the singers in the Music Room vie with actors on stage, to ring the rafters and shake the buttresses. Then, once a year, artistic rivalry is pnt aside; painting, drama, music and dancing merge in a Night of synthesized Art, and accoustically-atrocious Goodhart or the Skinner Workshop harbors them for an evening.



BACKSTAGE AT T. S. ELIOT'S READING

Needle-dropping knitters, eager students and neighboring guests of the college attend all manner of productions, reproductions, and lecture series in our great "gothic barn". Mid-week assemblies on current affairs import celebrated personages from the political and social scene to keep the college posted on the grim realities of the outside world. T. S. Eliot, hardly a *poet of the people*, drew the largest crowd in Goodhart's history. Nearly 3,000 people (neighboring college students and local literati) turned out to listen to him read the esoteric poetry which most claim they can't understand. (Eliot, on his part, insists that critics seem to understand his poetry even better than he!) Breaking all fire-laws, the audience sat on window ledges and jammed the aisles, and was even discovered on stage behind the curtain by Miss McBride who had contemplated an easy escape from the milling throngs via the back door.

For six delightful weeks last summer, the Pembroke, Goodhart and Fords were headquarters for the newly conceived Bryn Mawr Summer Theater. In Pen a segregation of Boys (first floor, East) and Girls (second floor, West) was carefully contrived to minimize over-raised eyebrows. However, the action-packed careers of these Thespians was strikingly devoid of sleep, and the average day was a series of dramatic and tramatic experiences. Such is the price of tart art,





DRAMA GUILD



Medieval Goodhart is the setting of our medieval system of guilds. The Stage and Drama guilds provide skilled craftsmen and journeymen, who specialize in either hammering or hamming. Tradition has given the formality of nominating and vetoing the plays into the hands of the guildsmen, but stalemate bestows it, in the end, on Mr. Thon, and combined guild talents are exploited to produce the stylization of sets and acting that the director demands.



Everyone from Charles Lamb down to the Drama Guild claimed that **King Lear** was unactable, but we'd rather listen to the theatre-goer in the audience who claimed he'd seen *three* college productions and *four* professional ones and had never seen a better one than that in Roberts Hall. When the product attained is as successful as **Skin of Our Teeth**, **The Importance of Being Earnest**, **Male Animal** or **The Man Who Came to Dinner**, the grave-yard shifts backstage seem to have been worthwhile.

The pursuit of drama involves the pursuit of the 7:39 (or even the 7:09 Local), since the Guilds and Haverford's Cap and Bells collaborate to complement femininity with masculinity. Mr. Thon is the go-between between Roberts and Goodhart; his clip-board and his ubiquity make him the Mighty Mouse of our theater world.

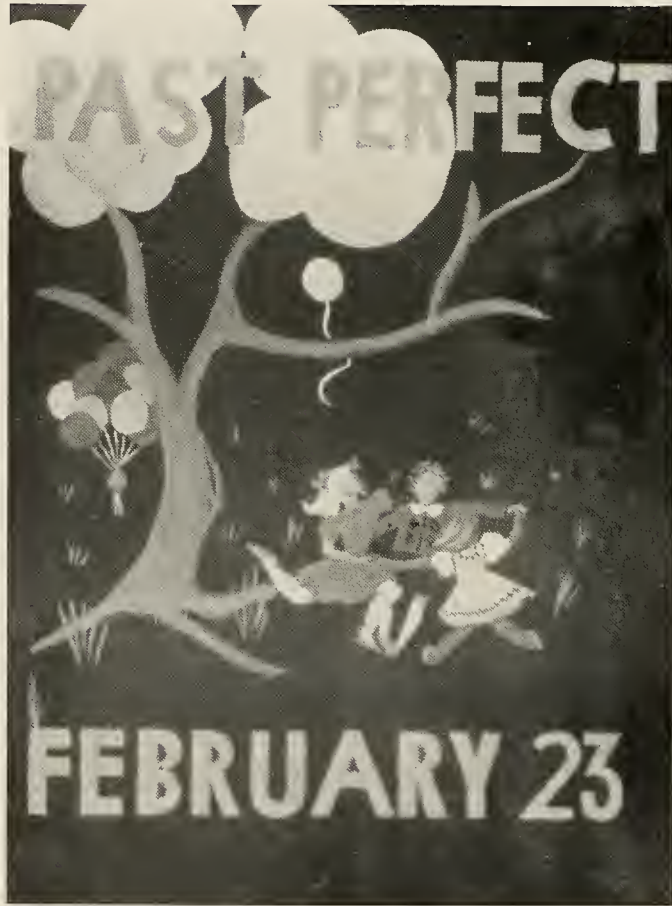


"She came, she sawed, she conquered," the Stage Guild likes to say of Katherine Cornell. However, it is seldom that the crew members get professional assistance in washing down flats, making new ones and contriving pin-ball machines for the dramatic productions. Sometimes the two guilds get out of step and approach the opening night at different speeds. In the productions of *Earnest*, the stage crew got a little behind in their work with the result that the actors *got their little behinds* in *its* work too. They forgot the wet paint on the chairs!

We like to think it significant that Bryn Mawr alumnae have swelled Equity's enrollment with such big names as Katherine Hepburn, Theresa Helburn and Cornelia Otis Skinner. As we visualize our names in lights, we eye the Skinner Workshop and imagine a like shrine to our labors. Others think of Helburn and hope someday to sink into their own Chair of Drama.

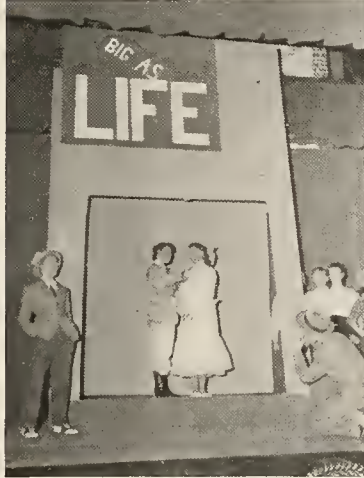
STAGE GUILD





Gentian got the cover spot;
 Gabe filled Black Jack full of shot;
 Now's the time to tie the wedding knot;
 Put an end to all strife; join husband to wife,
 When the forty-niners come to Life.

We needed no more inspiration than the irresistible pun on our name—the 49'ers—to set our show in a mining town on the Gold Coast. Originally conceived as an extravaganza to rival **Oklahoma's** splendor—our production turned out to be an East-and-Western, overleaping century and anachronistically bringing **Life** to the Gold Rush, and guided by the principle “every feature must intrigue, something solid might fatigue” we threw together a Medicine Man, Indians, **Life** reporters, Gold Coast Girls, topped off with a little Gentian Violet. Unraveled amid flying flats, a clanking plot-machine and split-second changes of scene, the Show turned out to be **Big As Life**.



BIG AS

LIFE

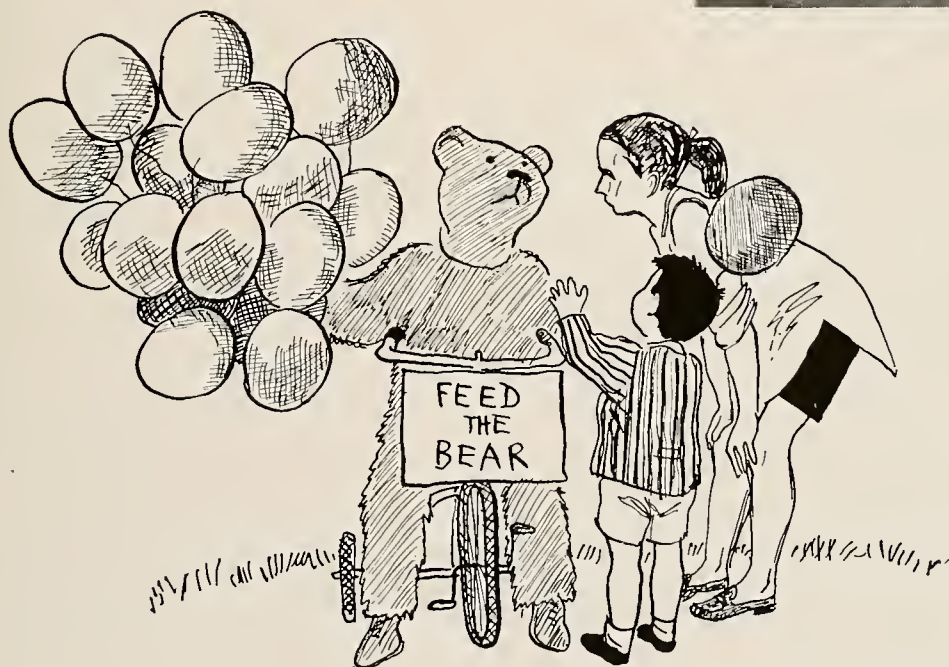


SOPHOMORE CARNIVAL





On the windiest day in '47, we gambolled on Merion Green and lost. We picked the Sophomore Carnival out of the trees in Senior Row and propped it up against the friendly L of Pem East, securing the backdrop to the second floor john window. In this biggest-little show on earth we presented the Fat Lady, the Snake-Charmer, the Long-Headed Lady (who contracted jumbo-sized hang-overs) and an exchange student from Borneo. This was also the first appearance of a Barber-Shop Quartet which has since expanded to become the Octangle, now known college-wide. The money-making ventures—a rifle range, a penny-pitch, a duck raffle, and most popular of all, shooting darts at a picture of Dr. Sprague, netted us \$600 for the Faculty Drive.



THE COLLEGE NEWS

NEWS BEATS ITS HEAD AGAINST GOODHART WALL

Heads . . . Heads . . . 30 point bodoni, 16-16 heads, 21 artistic heads! Just how can you fit 15 letter names into 14 point heads? And editorials—it's like beating one's head against a wall to arouse student interest. Get an interview with the new head of Self-Gov., eight inches. Stassen's head was too long, and Lonie, down at the plant, went and cut it off. Write another. What a headache!

Working on the News is like walking a tight rope with the faculty and outsiders on one side looking for news of the college, and the students who want a weekly **Yale Record** on the other. When the first freshmen arrive in September, News typewriters are already clicking, turning out six pages of what to do, where to go and when to be there in Freshman Week. Even after the last exams in the spring, the board is making-up the graduation issue to appear just before train-time.

We chase Eleanor Roosevelt about campus and finally wangle a breakfast interview at the Inn. But, some lecturers aren't even that easy. The closest we ever got to Eliot was to take charge of his overcoat



Preparing the victim for sacrifice.

in the News Room where we sat wondering if he'd miss just a little camel's hair snipped off for a souvenir.

Whenever anyone dares to sing, dance or act before ten people on campus, it's News and it's Art, and the News covers it. And, periodically, someone decides that the News is only a stepping-stone to the drama page of the **Tribune** and we publish the brilliant review. Only to find that in return for our pains, scathing criticisms of the criticism must appear in our Opinion column.



COUNTERPOINT

Just write a poem about unrequited love or your search after your own soul, and drop it in the box of **Counterpoint**. Both the Bryn Mawr Title and Haverford's **Quarto** were bogged down by financial difficulties, so they pooled financial and literary resources, and out came a bigger and better magazine with a greater variety of interest and subject material. Now we can also read of the frustrations of Haverford men!



CHORUS

A voice test in Goodhart Freshman Week . . . if you can sing then, when you're scared, awed, and hoarse, Mr. Goodale figures you can sing with laryngitis. Next . . . months of Tuesday night practices . . . a quartet trial . . . and the discovery that there *are* compulsory chapel services at Bryn Mawr for *some* people. Train fare to Princeton, New York or New Haven, or your own two feet to Haverford, don a black skirt and white blouse, and then you are sharing the concert platform with basses and tenors.

The Chorus sings anything from Bach cantatas to Kentucky Mountain songs, and for their pains make valuable contacts in male institutions.

ART CLUB

Alfred Barr disrupted our Philistine notions that art should be beautiful, by claiming in six modern art lectures that it should be "modern", "intense", "marvelous", "national" and "social." However, sometimes our faith is reaffirmed by the Art Club, that artsy-craftsy group on campus that paints, sketches and sculps under Mr. Hopkins. Little is heard of them, but nevertheless they are there daubing away all year, till they burst out in display in the foyer of Goodhart on Arts Night.





*"I was up half the night writing my
Chaucer paper."*

*"Quit, your yapping. Mr. Thon called me
up at 7:30 this morning."*

LANGUAGES

Amphithéâtre Richelieu: LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE

- 4 nov: Chanson de Roland pour mercredi
- 9 nov: (spent 4 days in bed with the Paris trots!!) Buy bismuth
- 25 nov: (prolonged excursion to the châteaux de la Loire ... no notes)
- 5 dec: (Metro on strike ... went to Montmartre.)
- 6 dec: attention! conférence importante demain sur Balzac
- 9 dec: (overslept Balzac lecture. Went to see Don Juan for 17th Cent. Lit. Place Pigalle for myself. wow!)
- 15 dec: Victor Hugo: vécu à Paris (PICK UP SKI PANTS..)
- 17 janvier: (why didn't someone tell me the pointed ends of skis go in front??)
- 20 février: No Notes. Suffering palpitations for Henri.
- 3 mars: FRENCHMEN ARE FICKLE!
- 18 mars: (mal à la gorge. Skull-hunting in catacombs with Georges)
- 3 avril: (Nice - to recover from cold. Caught pneumonia from swimming in a French bathing suit.)
- 5 avril: (fièvre de PRINTEMPS. canoeing on Seine with Pierre!)
- 25 mai: LAST DAY OF CLASSES. (I need a rest)



SORBONNE, PARIS

Existentialisme? What Sartre is trying to say is that it is essential to exist, and this we did very well—on roast chestnuts, steak, vin rouge and camembert, aperitifs at the Café de Flore, and miles and miles of French bread. We smoked Gauloises sprinkled with Chanel No. 5, did without butter, cokes, hot water and steam-heat, *and loved it*. We hung from the gargoyles of Notre Dame, bicycled from Montparnasse to the Bois de Boulogne, and on Saturday afternoons sang the Quartet from *La Boheme* with our neighbors at the bain publique. The Parisien, who would see us staring open-mouthed at the Folies Bergère, at the jeu des eaux at Versailles, or in a boîte de nuit on Montmartre, could only mutter: “Cela se comprend—elles sont des américaines!”



MEXICO



We went to Mexico with a rose between our teeth and a dictionary in our hot little manos. When we recrossed the border ten months later, the dictionary had been burned as an offering at the Pyramid of the Sun—retribution for having uncovered the bones of a famous bull, or was it a bull-fighter, on our archeology field trip—and the rose had been tossed over our balcony on being awakened at 4 a. m. by a serenading Mananita. Now we like our swimming pools filled with gardenias, and our food picante. Acapulco? Our answer is simply: fantastico! estupendo! inolvidable!



SWITZERLAND

“Cover your sitzmark!” Ski classes in four different languages, and it looked so easy the week before at St. Moritz. However, by the time we had gotten to the bottom, we had learned enough Switzerdeutsch to ask fur ein glas bier and the directions to the nearest hospital. Now we are practicing ski exercises for next year . . . aber natuerlich!





"... and she reads German at sight."

SCIENCE REQUIREMENT

ANALYSIS OF THE UNKNOWN

Given: amorphous, colorless, odorless, semi-liquid substance; clamp stand, Bunsen burner, and 2 hours.

Procedure:

1. Prepare 5% molar solution of Unknown by adding NaOH drop by drop until a color intermediate between Kelly and Sea foam is obtained. Pour the solution into watch glass and allow to solidify over a slow flame. If a small replica of Dalton precipitates the substance may be recorded as belonging to the geological genus, ogyropsis.

2. If no results are obtained in this manner, bring about colloidal suspension; plug it and run. If Park is still there on your return, the Unknown is not known in the chemical field.

3. To test for biological attributes - slice paper-thin and place on microscope slide. Regard fixedly for five minutes - if it gets up and walks away, the Unknown is a biological specimen.

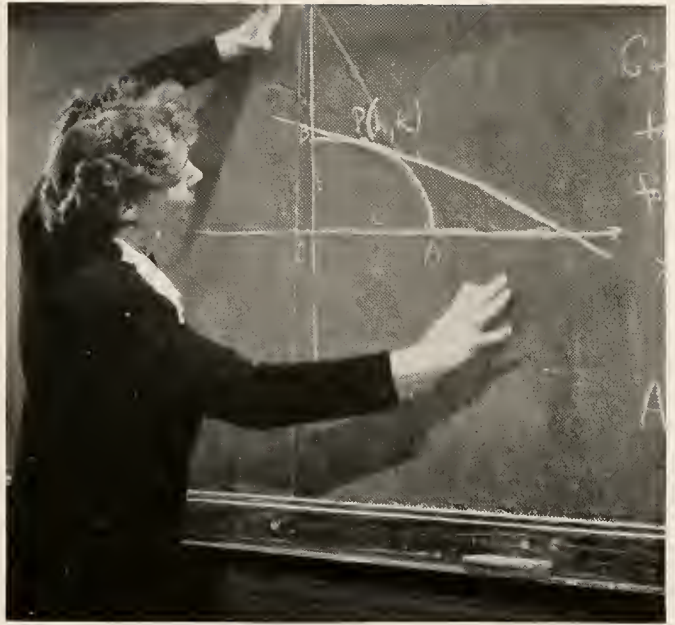
4. Next, pass direct current through the Unknown. If it shorts out, it's a Capehart. Finally, place it in a moderate (350°F) cyclotron. Test with broom straw. If dense mushroom-shaped cloud is formed, plunge Unknown into pail of cold water, and notify your local air-raid warden.



Faux pas in Dalton and Park ran rampant when we struggled through our Science requirement. Black-aproned figures crumpled to the floor as one poor soul wailed: "But, Dr. Crenshaw, how can I be asphixiating anybody? I can't *see* or *smell* any carbon monoxide escaping."

Or, while assorting the entrails of the dog-fish: "But, Miss Op, are you sure I should have a *vas deferens*?" Our eyes were bugging with amazement as we learned about the birds and the bees and the flowers, ourselves and each other. "Know what? I had a baby dog-fish this morning. It was born absolutely perfect."

Some of us heard that Geology was a gut course, but soon found that there was more to it than chasing butterflies through King of Prussia. A good number dropped the course. For the rest, the consolation was a field-trip, planned on one of the big college weekends of the year. Thirty of us shared Dr. Watson's charms while our man took someone else to the dance.





SOCIOLOGY

class notes

I Sociological patterns^{are} revealed by examination of Weekend Habit

a) weekends occur with clock like regularity

b) week middles are getting shorter & shorter

II Common types:

1. Here

a) library (may eventually produce race better fitted to library chair)

b) dances - requiring cultural invasion from nearby ethnic groups (i.e. "Yales", "Haverfords", "Princetons" etc.)

2. There - (this term covers area known to college set as "Eastern Seaboard.")

a) undergraduates have been known to travel as far north as Hanover, N.H., a tiny picturesque out post in the woods.

3. Purpose of "There" weekend to perform certain ancient rites:

a) talking

b) smoking

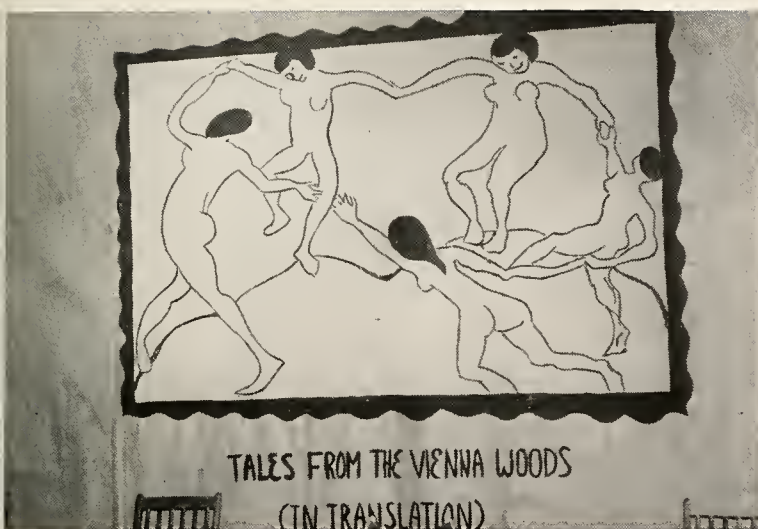
c) drinking



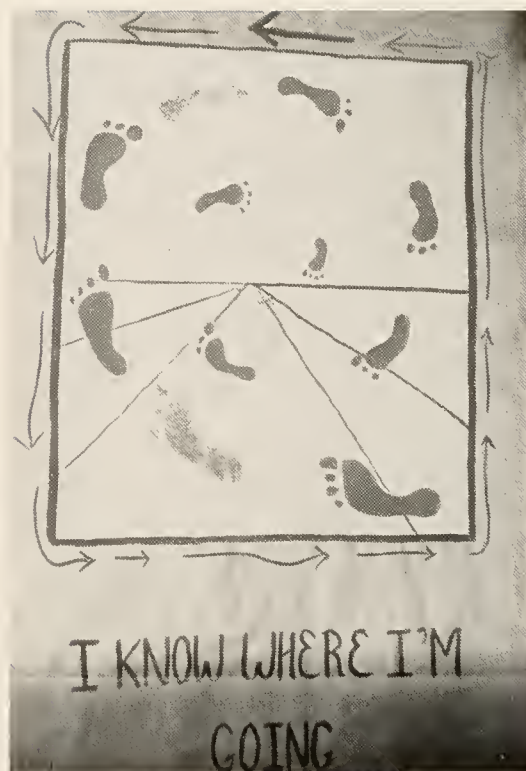
Try to pick a weekend when Haverford isn't giving a prom, when Dartmouth isn't playing in the snow, and when Yale isn't playing Princeton and make a dance out of it; then men will condescend to come to a "woman's weekend". This comes about once in the fall, once a little after exams, once in the spring, and at miscellaneous times when halls give their own dances. If it's an event for the whole college, like the Undergrad dances, find someone to put on a show beforehand—you can't dance *all* evening long. Then get someone to camouflage the gym, find a band, mix a non-alcoholic drink, and you're all set.

There's an easy way out, though, when you don't have to be choosy about time, place and occasion. You don't even have to dig up a date. The men who come to informal "mixer" dances will always be free, because they don't have any women. Juke box "Lonely Hearts" dances, and even square dances, fill up the less consequential Friday evenings, and are just as much fun and far less trouble.





A busty papier-maché nude hung from the ceiling and lounged in mid-air above the dancers. The walls were covered with such well-known modern works of art as the widely-exhibited "Mother Wouldn't Want Me To" and "I Know Where I'm Going". The traditional purpose of dance decorations is to persuade the dancers that this is not the sterile gray gym where we take Body Mechanics on Tuesdays and Thursdays, but a fairyland of romance; for once, the decor made a hit *per se* at our Junior Prom, for '49's talent turned out a parody of modern art that was so successful that many couples spent as much time ambuling around the room chuckling at the paintings as they did on the dance floor. The dance committee divided its time between keeping conspirators from spiking the punch and tuxedoed groups from snatching paintings to decorate their rooms.





JUST to prove that there is such a thing as beauty *and* brains, we too have our cover girls! The Nassau Sovereign exploded the Bryn Mawr myth that the BMT is an incredible specimen of over-developed brains and under-developed body, who would "rather go to bed with a musty tome than anything else". And even the authors of *For Men Lonely* came all the way from Hanover to snoop around the campus and came through with the admission that Bryn Mawr is not all horn-rims. "Although definitely on the sophisticated side, girls are girls," they write, "these are just a little smarter." With a broad beam we thank them, and accept with pleasure the kind invitation to any football weekend, Princeton Houseparties and the Dartmouth Winter Carnival. And, although Penn and Yale have published no eulogies on our charms, the number of Bryn Mawr girls found on Franklin Field and on the banks of the Housatonic on Derby Day, we think, speaks for itself. So we can smile smugly at our grandmothers who are apt to complain that we have lost every ounce of femininity and charm after four years at Bryn Mawr and tell them that the men like us as we are.

We have our own weekends too—Junior Show in the fall, Freshman Show in February, and the Junior Prom in the spring, not to mention numerous hall dances sprinkled in between. In return

for beer and blanket-parties at Lake Carnegie, we cook hot dogs over a fire at Saunders Barn, or at Dove Lake, if we are too lazy or without a car. The Conestoga Mill, the General Wayne and Covered Wagon are often scenes of much hilarity—for a price; and Fords where we can shoot darts or play shuffle-board—for a dime per glass of beer and a couple of nickels to prime the juke box. Mrs. Longmaid's and the Montgomery Inn are jammed over weekends, but there is always a vacant window-seat over at Haverford. And, eager Cap & Gown-ers have been known to try and ascend the fire escapes.

So, despite our pursuit of an education, we have remembered the words of Ibsen: "Women without men pine, but men without women grow stupid."

■ THE NASSAU SOVEREIGN





The informal Class Night productions at Haverford never fail to take off the beauties of Bryn Mawr and usually find half a dozen enticing gibes to throw our way. Nor has any Bryn Mawr Freshman Show missed a chance to sling mud right back, to wave Yale and Princeton banners, and tunelessly call to mind that "If you're really desperate, there's a Haverford man!"

But, oddly enough, the two colleges are even closer than the two mile proximity. All the projects on which Bryn Mawr and Haverford collaborate—from **Counterpoint** and the dramatic productions to the World Federalists and the IRC—have been successful. Everyone will put in a good word for such Haverford institutions as the Swarthmore weekend, Tenth Entry and Mother O'Neill's, and there are even misguided souls who think they can study better in the "Tower."

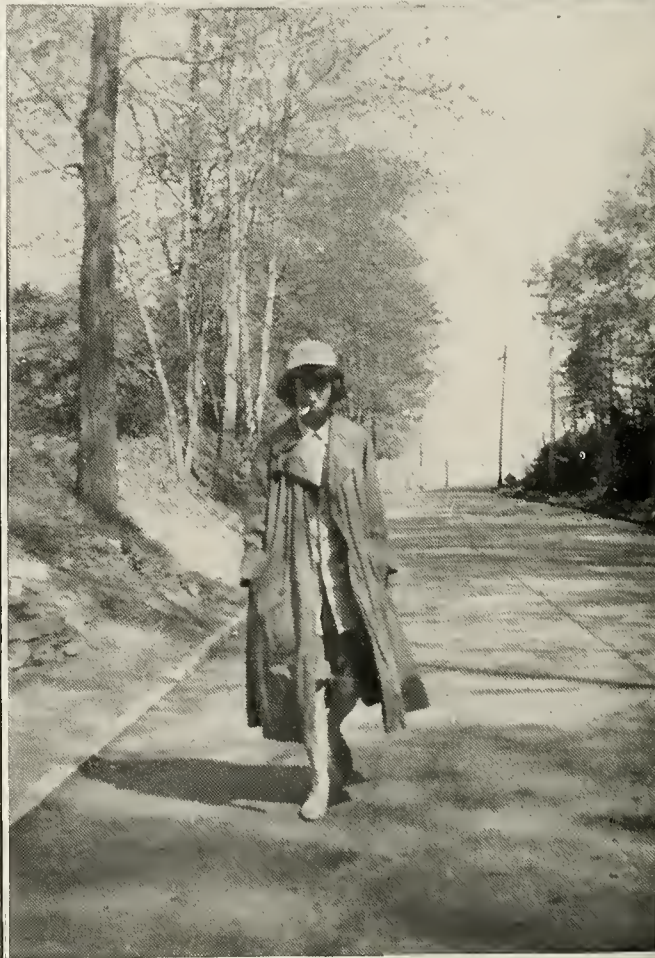
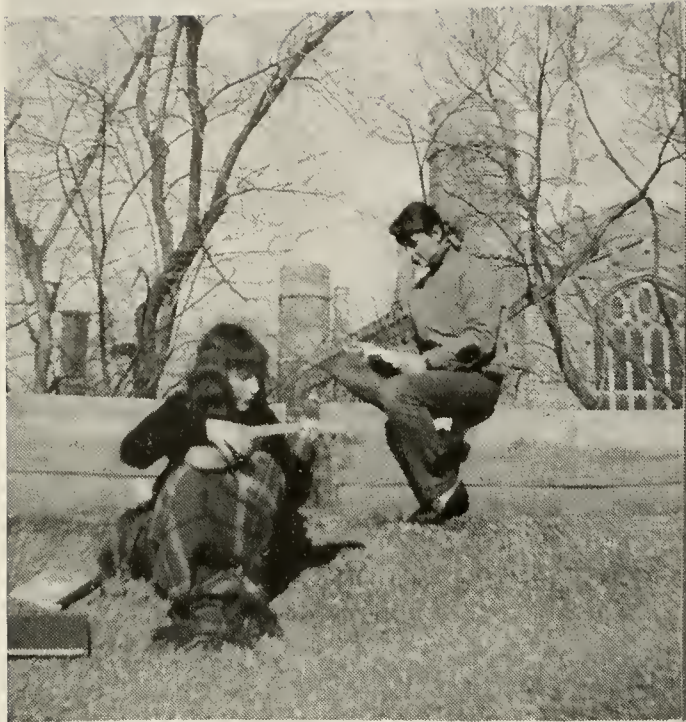
We've called them our weekday lovers and they've said worse about us, but nevertheless, we dance with them, act with them—and, in a pinch, even marry them!

Haverford













NOW GRAB YOUR SHEEP-SKIN . . . AND RUN!



"Let's see now, what can English majors do?"

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Suzanne Elizabeth Henderson.....	200 So. Broadway, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Cynthia Ann Hinsdale.....	1239 Madison Ave., New York City
Janet Ann Houze.....	Box 470, Westport, Conn.
Emilie B. Hughes.....	211 W. Wayne Ave., Wayne, Pa.
Diane Huszagh.....	122 W. Main St., Barrington, Ill.

Mary Eve Israel.....215 E. 73rd St., New York City

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 Lane Bette Kolker.....821 Lake Dr., Baltimore, Md.

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Richard Logan.....889 Glenbrook Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
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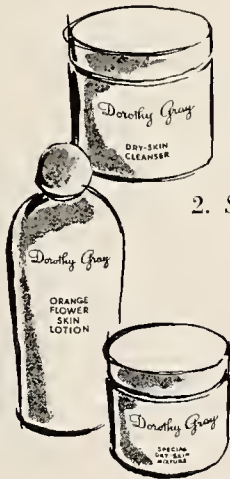
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